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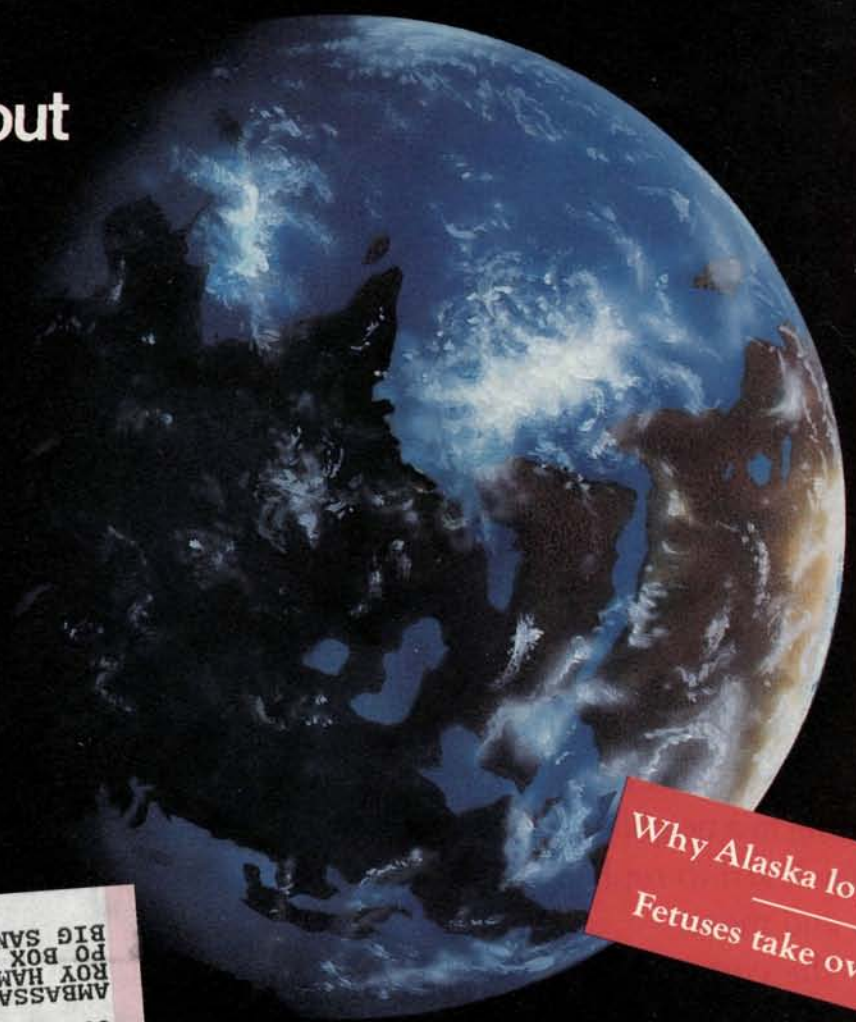
The World Turned Upside Down

Left and Right Face Life Without Communists

Morton Kondracke



Post-Cold War Paradigms

The Editors

Why Alaska loves the oil spi

Fetuses take over Missouri

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A Weekly Journal of Opinion

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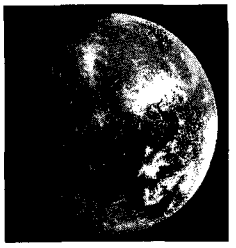

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TRB FROM WASHINGTON

Where Are The Democrats?

President Bush has been goofing off in Kennebunkport, Maine, for what seems like all summer, and why not? Since his last summer holiday he won a national election and has been setting new records for presidential popularity. He's earned a break. What's more, the scenes from Kennebunkport are doing wonders for Bush's image, helping him to store up affability points for the inevitable moment when his body is repossessed by Roger Ailes.

But why have the Democrats taken the summer off?

Undoubtedly the leading Democrats are having just as photogenic a time on their summer vacations, with equally charming families and household pets. No one cares. Vacuous amiability only works for the incumbent. Now is the time a real opposition party would be defining itself and the issues to put the incumbent on the defensive. If the Democrats don't stake out a genuine ideological position soon, they will find themselves fighting the next election on relatively trivial—and potentially double-edged—issues like sleaze and on phony issues like flags and furloughs, devised in the Republican research laboratories

It's not as if real issues aren't around that could help re-create Bush's image as a wimp, as an elitist, as ineffectual and unleaderlike—all the things most Americans thought he was as recently as 14 months ago. Two issues in particular—one foreign, one domestic—are ripe for partisan plucking, both on their specific merits and for their larger crowd-pleasing potential. One is Poland, the other is the capital gains tax. On the first, leading Democrats have been almost silent. On the second, they have inexplicably surrendered.

Some of the media have taken up the "Where Is George?" chant about the amazing developments in Eastern Europe, but not the Democrats. House Speaker Tom Foley says Bush is being "realistic" in promising only $119 million in aid to Poland next year—the same as he promised before Solidarity took over—and agrees that "we have to move carefully." Certainly there are reasons to move carefully—not alarming the Soviets, not repeating the mistakes of the 1970s, when billions were wasted in futile development programs. But is there no legitimate point—and are there no votes to be gotten in places like Chicago—in ridiculing the idea that we can't *afford* to be more generous?

Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger tells the *Wall Street Journal* that the days are past when America could think of aid on the scale of the Marshall Plan. "We have one hell of a budgetary problem," he says. America in decline, anyone? Party of weakness and retreat, anyone? Of course the truth is that America is far richer today than at the time of the Marshall Plan. The Democratic speech practically writes itself. "The Republican administration believes that America's days of doing great things are past . . . that we can no longer afford the fight for freedom . . . that a couple of B-2 bombers are more important than democracy in Poland. . . . The Democratic Party, which saved Western Europe from Communism, believes the moment has come to save Eastern Europe. . . . We challenge Mr. Bush . . ." and so on.

On capital gains, there must be something I don't get. Bush promised a capital gains tax cut in his campaign, and duly proposed one. Renegade Democrats on the House Ways and Means Committee proposed their own version, which Bush has endorsed. Speaker Foley has "tacitly conceded defeat," says the *Washington Post*. Why? Even if a majority on the Ways and Means Committee now favors reopening this tax break for the rich, that doesn't mean a majority in both houses of Congress supports it. And even if so, why not go down fighting? A capital gains cut will be reported as a "victory" for Bush in any event.

A capital gains tax cut is a bad idea even on pure productivity grounds. A true free market tax policy taxes all forms of investment alike; it does not try to pick and choose. With a clear conscience, therefore, Democrats could go after the grotesque unfairness of a new break for capital at a time when the tax on ordinary wages—notably, the Social Security levy—is rising inexorably. Most of the capital gains break will go to people making over $200,000 a year. Their average saving will be $25,000. For the four-fifths of Americans making under $50,000, the average saving will be $20. Under tax reform, the affluent got lower rates in exchange for giving up their loopholes; now they want the biggest loophole back.

Is there really no leading Democrat capable of setting a rhetorical bonfire from fuel like this? Or do Democratic leaders now dwell so completely among the real estate developers, junk-bond salesmen, and other postmodern capitalists who now bankroll the party that they think a cut in the capital gains tax is actually what their constituents are yearning for? The Democratic leadership's proposed compromise on capital gains is to keep the tax rate where it is but to index the measure of gain for inflation. Inflation indexing might be reasonable (with some complications). But how can Democrats be so numb that they would consider inflation indexing for capital gains and not for ordinary savings accounts?

The myth of Republican invincibility is self-fulfilling, especially if it is allowed to nurture and grow unmolested for two out of every four years. If the Democrats ever want to recapture the White House, they have two choices. They can go on the offensive now. Or they can sit around hoping for a recession. •

BACK TO SCHOOL

This is a combined issue. TNR will not publish next week so that the editors can devote themselves to selecting their fall fashions.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Pop Torts

To the editors:

The issue of reparations for the descendants of slaves is a depressing example of the faddish tendency to rephrase every social ill in terms of tort law ("Payback Time" by David Ellen, July 31). Many evils and injustices that cry out for amends are not torts and cannot be repaired by "compensation," either logically or practically. Interned Japanese-Americans can claim reparations because they were stripped of the rights of citizenship without due process. Wronged under the law by a government, they can be compensated by it. The ancestors of African Americans were sold to the ancestors of other Americans (some of whom felt the law was wrong and agitated successfully to change it). Tort is not retroactive to a change in the law—you cannot punish people later for doing what had always been right up till then. The needs of black Americans are pressing and must be dealt with by the whole society. They cannot be met by a parody of a lawsuit.

ANTHONY A. WEST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Housing Development

To the editors:

In a better world, your proposal to replace subsidies to developers of low-income housing with vouchers provided directly to consumers would make sense ("Abolish HUD," August 21). Unfortunately, the administration's stated goal is to abolish project-based subsides without making vouchers universally available.

Although you gloss over it, "the problem is a lack of affordable housing." There are more poor people than cheap apartments (especially ones suitable for families). Nor, as you point out, are there as many vouchers as there are eligible users. A guarantee by HUD to pay rent so long as eligible tenants live in an apartment enables a developer to obtain the financing needed for construction or renovation. A lender, knowing there is a contract providing that the rent will be paid, has reasonable protection against default. The voucher system as it now stands helps the poor afford existing apartments but does nothing to expand the supply. A developer who expects to rent to tenants with vouchers, which are in short supply, has no assurance that the subsidized rent will be received. A lender will demand assurance that rents will be adequate to repay the loan. Without a unit-base subsidy, there is likely to be insufficient financing for the costs of construction.

If every poor household has a voucher, as you propose, the problem disappears, because the developer and the lender know that the unit should always be occupied by a subsidized tenant. Until your solution to the HUD mess is adopted, though, direct subsidies tied to the units are necessary to ensure an adequate supply of housing.

DAVID R. WOHL
Cincinnati, Ohio

Golden Fleece

To the editors:

Though I agree with the Washington Diarist's politics, I must take issue with his zoology ("Down With Nannies," August 21). The vicuña, the South American camelid from which Sherman Adams's coat was made, is not a true ruminant. Ruminants are four-stomached ungulates of the order Artiodactyla, suborder Ruminantia, while vicuñas are three-stomached ungulates of the order Artiodactyla, suborder Tylopoda.

It is true that the vicuña, like its ruminant cousins the sheep and goat, is often exploited by man for its desirable fleece. I suspect that it was the Diarist's recognition of the propensity for Reagan administration officials to fleece the American public that led to his taxonomic confusion.

DAVID M. SHERMAN, DVM, MS
Associate Professor, Large Animal Medicine
Tufts University School of Veterinary Medicine
North Grafton, Massachusetts

The Diarist replies:

I am ruminating about this.

Artistic Sacrifice

To the editors:

A democratic government should be responsible to the governed, and therefore should not spend public money for art that offends, when it does not bore, the majority of citizens (TRB From Washington, "Tea and Toleration," August 21). At the same time, we do not elect public officials to the U.S. Senate, or anywhere else, to determine what kinds of art exalt our spirit and what degrades us. The obvious solution, therefore, is to halt all government grants to all artists. History does not show any correlation between government subsidies and great art, or even greater public appreciation for great art. Abolishing subsidies would be a step forward for freedom of the artist as well as an indication that elected officials are responsible to the public.

LAURENCE HYMAN
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Humanities Deficit

To the editors:

Although it is worthwhile to discuss the state of humanities teaching in terms of content-related issues, as Tzvetan Todorov has done ("Crimes Against the Humanities," July 3), the reason for dwindling student interest in humanities is based in the materialistic culture of the 1980s. Today a subject's value is judged in economic terms; the concept of learning for its own sake is nonexistent. Therefore humanities professors (and by extension their subjects) are often held in contempt for their relatively low earning capacity, and there is little incentive to pursue fields that do not readily translate into income. Even humanities fanatics are sometimes forced to flee to business or high-tech jobs, which frequently offer greater salaries and choice of geographic location as alternatives to poverty, constant relocation, and the continuous need to scout for the next job. If economic realities make it difficult for devotees to remain in the humanities, then how can we expect less committed students to choose such "impractical" majors?

GINNY MAYER CHAN
Los Angeles, California

Choice Topic

To the editors:

The most distressing aspect of your analysis of the *Webster* case ("Good News on Abortion," July 31) is its assumption that the right of a woman to decide whether to carry to term a fetus created by consequence rather than by choice is a determination appropriately made not by her but by male-dominated "democratic legislatures." How, furthermore, can a woman's "right to choose abortion . . . be close to absolute" at the same time *Roe* becomes "the Court's most extravagant exercise" of a "penumbra"-inspired "general right of privacy"?

You assert that "the whole point of the Supreme Court is *not* to be influenced by massive public opinion." In reality, however, the Court is no less distanced from

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 18 & 25, 1989

IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

Mikhail Gorbachev has aroused a latent strain of millenarianism in the American right. The latest example is the much-discussed essay "The End of History?" in the conservative journal the *National Interest*. Its author, Francis Fukuyama, announces that "we may be witnessing . . . not just the end of the cold war . . . but the end of history as such: that is, the end point of mankind's ideological evolution and the universalization of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government." As if to distinguish himself from all the left-wing millenarians Gorbachev has brought out of the woodwork, Fukuyama adds a wistful note. "The end of history will be a very sad time. The struggle for recognition, the willingness to risk one's life for a purely abstract goal, the worldwide ideological struggle that called forth daring, courage, imagination, and idealism, will be replaced by economic calculation, the endless solving of technical problems, environmental concerns, and the satisfaction of sophisticated consumer demands."

We could live with that. Owning fuel-efficient cars and high-definition TVs seems a fair price to pay for the death of totalitarian communism. Unfortunately, the final victory of liberal democracy may not be so near, as China showed resoundingly a few months ago and the Kremlin suggested more recently with its warnings about the dangers of nationalist activism in the Baltics.

Still, it is true that things will never be the same. The cold war may be revived, but Communists will have trouble fighting it with a straight face. It isn't just that we know that their cause is bankrupt (literally as well as morally), or that they know. It's that we know that they know—and they know we know they know. The Cold War, Part II, if it comes, will be conducted amid an air of embarrassment and absurdity.

So it is worth pondering the shape of a world no longer dominated by bipolar, ideologically charged competition. The manageable simplicity of bipolarity, combined with the deterrent effects of nuclear arms, has staved off world war for several generations now. Once the cold war ends, what will take its place as an ordering principle? So far, Washington think tanks have failed to come up with any promising new catchphrases. Many agree that a post-cold war geopolitical order would be "multipolar," but that doesn't narrow things down much. Here are some more specific scenarios.

Chaos. According to this model, nationalism, protectionism, and other base impulses will keep the world's industrial powers from forging consistently congenial relations, while pesky Third World nations, armed with chemical, even nuclear, weapons, and driven in some cases by religious fundamentalism, further complicate things. One scenario has America retreating into militant isolationism—intervening with force to protect its vital interests but withdrawing from cooperative ventures like NATO and the World Bank. Isolated conflicts would be common, and the threat of large-scale war constant.

Diffuse order. In this scenario, the industrial powers pursue largely independent agendas, but the jockeying for economic and military advantage is constrained by enlightened self-interest; nobody wants depression or war. Further, the jockeying may take place within alliances that, though fluid, are large enough and few enough to make a stabilizing balance of power attainable.

Less diffuse order. If bound by strong economic sinews, alliances mightn't be so fluid, and might even be more stabilizing. The economic integration of Western Europe has raised the prospect of other integrations, notably a Japan-dominated Pacific trade bloc and a U.S.-dominated bloc encompassing Canada and Latin America (not exactly the cream of the crop). One can imagine various combinations of four- or five- or six-bloc worlds.

There is a danger that such trading blocs, while internally open, could be externally protectionist. However, if those blocs possess enough unity to negotiate with one another, then barriers among them can be lowered. So in the long run, trade blocs could prove a more

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practical path to globally free trade than complex multilateral negotiations. The danger is that in the real world, emerging blocs will *raise* external barriers—often as a negotiating concession to bloc members that balk at the lowering of internal tariffs. The resulting hostility among blocs could be momentous if these economic alliances became the foundation for military alliances, as they might well.

Unipolarity (as viewed from the left). Surprisingly, the waning of the cold war has seen little of the one worldism that generally surfaces toward the end of great wars. The United Nations has rightly been praised for mediating in Third World conflicts in an effort to clean up cold war residue, and there has been talk by both the United States and the Soviet Union about respecting World Court decisions. But there is little, if any, utopianism of the sort that surrounded the creation of the League of Nations or the U.N.

One reason is that one-worlders have wised up. Fans of highly structured global harmony now avoid the eerie idea of "world federalism" and espouse instead more subtle sources of order. The World Policy Institute (called "the Institute for World Order" back before it cleaned up its image) is pushing the creation of new economic institutions, including an international bank that could forcefully coordinate global monetary policy and an international trade organization that could enforce fair trade rules. The idea is to keep the industrialized world stable and prosperous and to systematically foster development in the Third World, thus preventing the sort of economic chaos that gives rise to war.

Unipolarity (as viewed from the right). The post-World War II recovery of democratic capitalism has so fully met the hopes of its architects (us) that today the United States, Europe, and Japan dominate the world economy. The idea driving the Trilateral Commission, and embodied in the Group of Seven, is that these powers together can keep democratic capitalism secure, staving off the Communist threat. With communism in retreat, the outlook is even sunnier: together they can rule the world. Or at least together they can try to keep the great national economies in sync, and try to keep the lesser economies on the path to free market prosperity. In fact, that is already their role, as exercised at the seven nations' summits and through their dominance of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. During the last summit, when Gorbachev was making noises about being included, he was asking for admission to what is now becoming (thanks largely to him) the only game in town.

This sort of unipolarity—a dominant condominium of capitalist powers—holds appeal to some conservatives. Indeed, some have gone further and urged the club to launch a concerted membership drive. That is: the rich countries should not only foster Third World development and facilitate the transition from communism to democratic capitalism, but offer membership in the club as a reward for success. The list of future club members could include South Korea, Poland, even the Soviet Union and, given ample repentance, China.

But what exactly is the difference between this right-wing one-worldism and the new, moderate, left-wing one-worldism? After all, both involve concerted international economic coordination and a welfare policy for poor countries.

First, the left would want looser membership rules, fearful of the consequential resentment that emerging powers such as India might harbor if shut out from the club for too long. The left would also favor lavishing subsidies on Third World nations with few strings attached, whereas conservatives would prefer a spartan free market regimen. The left would want the club actively to suppress militaristic impulses, relying instead on collective economic sanctions to discipline nations that clearly transgress the norms of civilized conduct. The right would insist that the option of unilateral military intervention remain unconstrained.

These contentions are strikingly like current debates over domestic policy. They are questions about the distribution of wealth, about the tradeoff between equality and efficiency, and about the use of authority to punish deviance. The only difference is that the questions pertain to nations, not individual citizens. The issue is how a liberal democratic world, not a liberal democratic nation, should be run.

This idea of a world peace sponsored by capitalist democracies—Pax Kapital, you might call it—sounds wonderful. But it is too remote a vision to build a whole postwar foreign policy around. Conveniently, though, the first step toward it is worth pursuing anyway: the preservation of strong ties with Japan. Whether or not the alliance of Western democracies evolves into a coherent global authority, prudence dictates preventing fissures within it. The most likely place for such a fissure is the Pacific, and the United States, the pivot point between Eastern and Western capitalism, is uniquely positioned to prevent such a split. Thus Zbigniew Brzezinski has proposed an explicit U.S.-Japan partnership, possibly including a free trade zone. Secretary of State James Baker has talked about a Pacific economic organization, anchored by the United States and Japan, whose exact function remains ill-defined.

Preserving strong bonds between the United States and Japan may require the sort of statesmanship and leadership that Congress and President Bush are not generally identified with. Exploiting Japanophobia is politically convenient and standing up against it takes courage. If Bush is going to confront the growing chorus of Japan bashers, he will have to do so forcefully and articulately. And honestly: he will have to concede that Japan is in many ways culturally protectionist, and explain why that fact shouldn't dominate our Japan policy. And that won't be the end of the challenge; if Bush succeeds in drawing us closer to Japan, he will have to ensure that the partnership does not devolve into a "rival" trading bloc, shut off from post-1992 Europe by collective trade barriers.

Keeping the Western democracies united will call for

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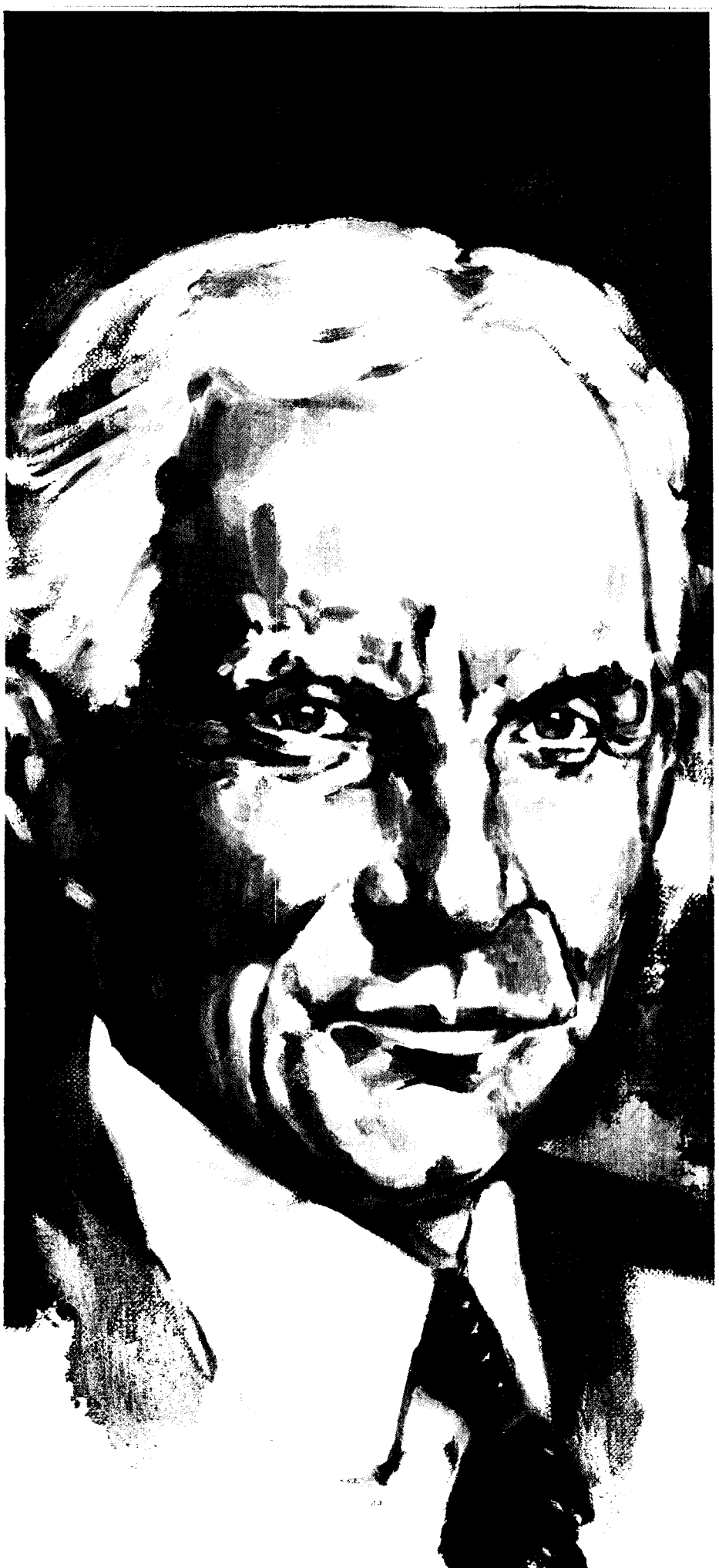

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an effective conquest of nationalist and protectionist impulses. This is but one example of how much more challenging foreign policy could become after the death of communism. No longer will chauvinism be easily channeled into the ultimately inert aggression of the cold war.

Joseph Alsop, R.I.P.

A magazine once asked several journalists who would be "the next Walter Lippmann," a silly exercise that was buried when Russell Baker wrote: "I *am* the next Walter Lippmann." No one will ever ask who will be the next Joseph Alsop. There could be none. Both in life and in his writing, Joe could seem so much a self-caricature that some were fooled, failing to recognize his stature and seriousness. Certainly his reputation has never been puffed by solemn pieties, like that of Lippmann's. Yet for almost 40 years Joe was one of the two or three dominant figures in a period when the nationally syndicated political column came into its own. Not only was his the longest-running political column, for a time written in collaboration with his brother Stewart, but more clearly than any of his peers he stood on his own eminence. It was shared with no other, not only by virtue of his skills and conscientiousness as a reporter, the quality of his writing, and his lustiness in controversy; but because he displayed at the beginning and sustained until he stopped in 1974 standards of independence and courage that set him apart.

Eugene McCarthy once said that Washington political journalists are like a row of blackbirds on a telephone wire. When one flies to the wire across the road, all the others follow. Joe either stayed on the first wire or flew in the opposite direction, which was not true of Lippmann, or of Lippmann's main worshiper, James Reston. It was not perversity in Joe; on the contrary, his convictions were so strong that there was no place for perversity. The supreme quality of his journalism was his almost constitutional inability to swim with the tide, either in his profession or in the wider political environment he reported. There was never any point in looking for Joe Alsop in the rear—he was always out scouting somewhere.

The independence of the scouting was the result of his insistence that reporting must be the basis even of a column of opinion. The reporting had to be his own. He did not report from clippings or hire the "research assistants" that columnists now seem to think they need, who of course only Xerox the clippings. If you report from clippings, you follow the other blackbirds. It may be inappropriate to call Joe a shoe-leather reporter, but by whatever transport he was out six days a week strenuously reporting for himself. He may have had a wide array of connections, but he insisted on his independence from them, and could be as rude to his contacts in person as he could be offensive in his columns. A newspaperman should never, he said, allow himself to be patronized—even by presidents. After all, why should Joe Alsop be excited by an invitation to dine at the White House, when he was a cousin of two presidents (TR and FDR), and another (JFK) slipped away from his inaugural balls to put his feet up in Joe's house?

The courage was outstanding, from his and Stewart's early and unbending opposition to Joe McCarthy, to his unfashionable support of the Vietnam War. His staunchness and loyalty were evident in his testimony in defense of many State Department officials accused of treason and in his unbreakable allegiance to the state of Israel. His enviable prose in the space of a column was that of a well-read man and cultivated mind. You would have known it was an Alsop column even if the byline were dropped.

As for the man, florid seems to be the word that fits him, a rich vintage port of a character. Many have spoken of his gregariousness, his delight and sometimes brutality in controversy, his mischievous (but to my ears, never malicious) pleasure in gossiping, his humor, his wonderful range of historical and literary allusion, and all the rest. But there was, in it all, something touching, always something of a loner, as if the independence, even in the company he could always find and so generously gave, still kept him separate. Perhaps he did not altogether like the way the world was going. But he always kept up with it, even if only as the grandest curmudgeon of all.

Henry Fairlie

Huey Newton, R.I.P.

Huey Newton's death from gunshot wounds outside a crack house on the streets of Oakland was the classic demise of the American desperado. Spilled blood defines the shape and the direction of the story, in the cinematic tradition that seems to have had such an influence on him and his followers. The charismatic criminal falls, stripped of all romance, and dies in some scum-sticky situation, like a fly caught on the documentation of his own disorder and degradation. Newton was a cocky and violent man. His times were sufficiently rich with suffering and corruption to permit his admirers to make a myth of him. In his beret, his black leather jacket, his bandolier, holding his shotgun and his spear, hectoring his followers to "off the pigs," he was really much less than he seemed. He needed a bad boy legend.

Many strange and violent people emerged in those years of the dissolution of the civil rights movement, but one cannot imagine the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense starting anywhere but California's Bay area. There the hallucinatory road to Woodstock and the Manson family intersected with the path of the American Negro. Newton's story is part of the story of the Free

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Speech Movement at Berkeley, the strikes at San Francisco State, of Haight-Ashbury, the Symbionese Liberation Army, and of Jim Jones and the mass gulping of poisoned Kool Aid. There was still a wild west in California.

The world Newton traveled in, and the way he traveled in it, was farfetched. Still, it was one of the consequences of social policies that had defaced the democratic foundations of this nation along racial lines. Newton was responding to police brutality, to unequal treatment in the courts, to the irresponsible, even racist, record of J. Edgar Hoover's FBI. The terrorist activities and the unconstitutional laws that girded Southern society after Reconstruction embittered Newton, like many others, and gave him his moment.

Newton's defense of the innocent and downtrodden against the powerful grew out of a loss of faith; he did not believe that government would take up the democratic cause of the Negro. And so he advocated violence. It is hard to justify many of his and his followers' deeds, but as Kenneth O'Reilly has demonstrated in *Racial Matters*, the actions of the FBI and the resolve of the federal government during the great years of the civil rights movement were so faint of heart that the alienation felt by the Black Panthers was not without reason. The contempt for the dignity and the security of Negroes was unbelievably great. Those were the days when FBI agents merely took notes as civil rights workers were publicly assaulted. O'Reilly shows how the Panthers were undone by counterintelligence and police conspiracies. Yet he doesn't avoid the fact that the Panthers had gangster tendencies, and that those tendencies fired the combative rhetoric that was known as "murder-mouthing."

Newton himself said that Malcolm X, clearly the most romantic rabble-rouser of the period, inspired his calls for self-defense, and the early Panther Party's ten-point program was closely related to that of the Nation of Islam. In the party's paper, the Declaration of Independence was often cited as justification for taking up arms against unjust circumstances. But the party quickly became a foul-mouthed farce, populated by street thugs who cannot any longer be mistaken for political visionaries. The decline in the movement begun by Rosa Parks and those marvelous young men who sat in at a lunch counter in North Carolina was perhaps most perfectly illustrated by the spectacle of Huey Newton in China, sitting in the Great Hall of the People snorting cocaine and bursting into unintelligible rants, even as elsewhere in the city Kissinger was preparing the way for Nixon. Bravado, self-delusion, and drugs were finally what vied with the tactical brilliance of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the (pre-Black Power) Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee.

Newton went on to become a mere extortionist, perhaps a murderer, certainly an embezzler of funds for a community school. He whiled away his last years seeking one high or another. His death, like that of his namesake, Huey Long, was the death of a demagogue, not the loss of a political visionary. But his dissolution and his death bring Abbie Hoffman's to mind, and provide still another example of the tragedy that this country has put upon itself by so poorly handling the conflicts that remained when the curtain was rung down on Reconstruction.

O'Reilly observes that "most of the black radicals tried and jailed for murder and other violent crimes knew what they were doing. Some of them no doubt believed they were making a statement, spilling a little pig blood, to use the crude words of the day, for the people. Others came to recognize nihilistic terror for what it was. More than anything else, the notion that those black nationalists who went to war with the state and shot police officers in the back were somehow martyrs is a legacy of the FBI's counterintelligence program against the Panthers." That FBI legacy allows for the sustained perversion of political fact in the Afro-American community. Part of the legacy is the ongoing belief in an all-pervasive racist conspiracy exploited by those such as Tawana Brawley, Al Sharpton, Alton Maddox, and Vernon Mason. The other part extends the idea of the street criminal as a radical at war with society, and it is a fitting irony that Newton's confessed murderer was seeking to work his way up in a drug-distribution gang that calls itself the Black Guerrilla Family.

STANLEY CROUCH

Stanley Crouch is a New York writer.

NOTEBOOK

HEADLINES OUT-OF-SYNC:

FAA Chief Declares DC-10 Jetliners Safe
—*Los Angeles Times*, August 11

Flaps 'Out of Sync,' DC-10 Flight Aborted
—*same paper, same day, same page*
(thanks to Matthew Brenner, Berkeley, California)

Dealing with the David Duke problem.

REPUBLICAN RACIST

By Larry Cohler

BATON ROUGE

Just outside the Louisiana statehouse doors, Huey Long is buried. But the legislature lives on as a stubborn populist redoubt against America's homogenized politics. It is only here, in the House of Representatives, that a bill to tax oil companies could

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crash to defeat with its sponsor declaring solemnly, "You've got about as much chance of taxing big oil in Louisiana as you do of playing pick-up sticks with your butt cheeks." By far the most flamboyant figure inside the chamber these days is former Ku Klux Klan Imperial Wizard David Duke, elected as a Republican from the New Orleans suburb of Metairie in a highly publicized race last February.

Duke has been relegated to a seat isolated from other members in the back of the House chamber. But this shunning is only symbolic. In fact, Louisiana's Republican institutions have reacted to him with stands ranging from tactical silence to outright endorsement. In many ways, he appears to be the fruit of the GOP's strategy of attracting white Southern support through the use of racially loaded images and euphemisms.

Duke insists that his extremism is a thing of the past, and he has been a model of decorum in the six months since his election. In the statehouse, he has preached a populist gospel of Republican conservatism, and uttered not a word against Jews or blacks. But his staff includes legislative aide Patricia Katson, whose last job was as an official with the extremist Liberty Lobby. And last March Duke appeared at a conference in Chicago of the extreme right-wing Populist Party, where he shared the podium with Art Jones, a member of the American Nazi Party. Jones lunged at a reporter there who asked Duke about the joint appearance.

In May Duke was found to be selling a wide collection of neo-Nazi books out of his state-funded district constituents' office, including Hitler's *Mein Kampf*; *Did 6 Million Die? The Truth At Last*, which claims that the Holocaust was a hoax inspired by the Jewish-controlled media; *Imperium*, which argues for the preservation of Western culture through Nazi racist policies; and numerous pamphlets published by the International Association for the Advancement of Ethnology and Eugenics, a group that supports human breeding to create a superior race.

Duke has waved away press questions about such incidents with vague assurances. The neo-Nazi books, he said, were simply "old stock," which he has now ceased selling, from the book business he has run for years. Such materials were "not part of my agenda any longer." Duke declared from the Louisiana House floor, "I want to make it very clear right now that I reject categorically racial or religious intolerance or hatred. Furthermore, I am diametrically opposed to the totalitarian politics and policies of both communism and Nazism."

After his election, Duke was formally disavowed and censured by the national Republican Party. But the state party has not followed suit. The party chairman, William Nungesser, denounces Duke as "an opportunist, rotten to the core," but argues that censuring him will only give him publicity and stoke the populist, anti-establishment sentiment that got him elected in the first place. Nungesser insists that only a small core of Duke's following is racist. The rest are "decent folks" drawn in by Duke's populist rhetoric on issues such as taxes, public aid, and affirmative action.

Others vigorously argue that the party should disavow Duke. State central committee member Elizabeth Rickey, who discovered Duke selling the Nazi literature out of his office, charges that Nungesser is primarily concerned about retaining Duke's supporters as part of the Republican coalition. Rickey, a longtime conservative, has called for a radical reshaping of the Republicans' conservative base, minus its "racist component. . . . Let them go off and form their own America Independent Party."

This "racist component" constitutes the central problem that Duke poses for the Louisiana GOP: whether to take an unequivocal moral stand against Duke, and suffer the probable political damage; or to stay silent on tactical political grounds and risk the appearance of institutional impotence. In the 1960s, as the Democrats began to embrace civil rights activism, these voters drifted by default to the Republicans, who have long retained them without having to appeal to racism. But as William Schneider of the American Enterprise Institute points out, Duke has put the party on the spot. Nungesser is waiting hopefully for others to hit Duke hard. Then, he figures, with Duke's credibility damaged, the state central committee can safely follow suit without suffering political losses.

Republican National Committee chairman Lee Atwater has strongly backed Nungesser's strategy, touting it as the most effective tactic for derailing Duke. Last April, Rickey says, the RNC was preparing to send a staffer down to assist her in her research on Duke. But Nungesser vowed to call Atwater and put a stop to it. RNC spokesman Dan Schnur confirmed that Atwater respected Nungesser's advice about how Duke could exploit to his advantage any national "outside" Republican involvement. As Atwater put it, Louisiana Republicans "don't want to participate in Duke's strategy of generating coverage. People down there understand he's trying to get into a fight. Anyone generating publicity for Duke is in concert with him. Without publicity he just flattens out."

That's one theory. But in the face of the state GOP's silence, Duke is emerging as a probable Republican front-runner in the contest against Democratic Senator Bennett Johnston next year. According to informed Republican Party sources, a recent confidential poll of the party's grass-roots contributors—those donating $1,000 or less—showed Duke to be their favored candidate by a landslide.

No one believes that Duke would have any chance in such a race, especially in a state where almost 30 percent of the electorate is black. But as Louisiana pollster Joseph Walker noted, "If the guy ran for the Senate, he'd be on the nightly news every night. It's a forum he seeks." The fund-raising potential of such a race would also attract Duke, who has pioneered modern campaign

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fund-raising techniques for the racist right.

Meanwhile, in the state legislature, a clique of leading Republican lawmakers is actively working to legitimize Duke as a mainstream conservative. The House Republican delegation chairman, Representative Emile "Peppi" Bruneau, has taken on Duke as his protégé. He has brought Duke into the delegation's caucus, where he enjoys full use of its research staff and office facilities. The caucus's latest newsletter, under Bruneau's supervision, features a short profile of Duke as the party's most recently elected lawmaker. It does not mention his Klan background, saying only, "He ran on a conservative platform."

More important, Bruneau has helped Duke craft his bills, which have been unerring in their appeal to the hottest areas of white, middle-class resentment. They have included measures to abolish all funding for affirmative action programs; to make drug tests mandatory for all recipients of public assistance; and to give longer sentences to people convicted of drug offenses on public housing property. Bruneau has reportedly even helped write Duke's speeches, which for the most part sound much like what you might find in the pages of *Commentary* or several recent Supreme Court majority opinions. Taking the floor last month to defend his bill to kill the state's minority contracting set-aside program, Duke said, "This bill deals with the most important issue facing Louisiana today. That is the issue of civil rights, of human rights in this state. . . . We hear that discrimination went on in Louisiana in years past. . . . It is—or was—wrong. It's just as wrong when exercised now, in 1989, against any race, white or black."

Thanks to Bruneau's efforts, the Republicans have gained a high-profile point man for the most controversial issues on their agenda, which they have long pushed to little effect and much criticism. Yigal Bander, the executive director of the Jewish Federation of Greater Baton Rouge (and a Republican), says that when he pressed Bruneau's colleague, senior Republican Representative E. Clark Gaudin, to join in disavowing Duke, he was told, "Stop making a big deal about Duke, because the things he's pushing, we're pushing. And we need his help. You folks raising a fuss are getting in the way." Gaudin confirmed Bander's account as "not far from accurate."

To be sure, not all Republicans have adopted the attitude of Bruneau and Gaudin. Most have been silent. With one exception, even these few who have spoken out against Duke have felt obliged to back his bills. Even Representative Odon L. Bacque, the House's only independent, who led a fight to deny Duke his House seat last February and has called him "the most dangerous man on the scene today," has nevertheless found himself voting for Duke-sponsored bills. Duke, he says, has an ability to "plug into issues that the average white middle-class American believes. I think most believe that reverse discrimination is discrimination; most are against more taxes; most oppose minority set-asides in government contracting. . . . I believe in a lot of the things he

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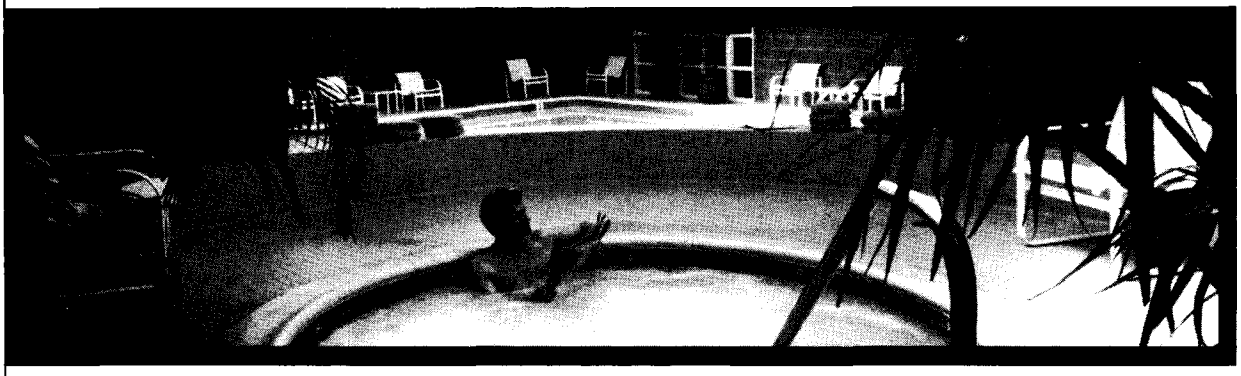

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espouses. So if I vote against it simply because I don't like Duke, I can't explain that to my constituents."

Nor could many Democrats, if they actually had to vote on Duke's bills. But so far they have used their overwhelming majority in the legislature to bottle up or table all but two of the nine bills he introduced this session, and even those were sidetracked later in the Senate. It was moderate Democrat Representative Charles DeWitt Jr., himself no great supporter of affirmative action, who moved to table Duke's bill against minority set-aside contracts. But only one Republican, conservative Representative James St. Raymond, joined the Democratic majority in voting for this.

"I vote the issue," explained Republican Representative Quentin D. Dastugue, who supported Duke's bills on affirmative action but nevertheless denounces Duke. "I try to look at it that he's not much different than other distasteful people in the legislature. Just more prominent."

LARRY COHLER is a reporter for *Washington Jewish Week*.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

GENERAL BENNETT

By Fred Barnes

Everything President Bush is, Bill Bennett isn't. Bush is cautious, chummy, a compromiser, a man who avoids public fights. Bennett is noisy, ideological, and loves controversy. Bennett, who was secretary of education under President Reagan, is more Reaganite than Bushie. He got the job as Bush's drug czar only after asking for it and after Senator Dennis DeConcini of Arizona turned it down. Bennett has few fans among White House staffers. "They think he's a pain in the neck," says a White House aide.

Yet Bennett won Bush's approval of the national drug strategy he'd drafted with only two major changes. Bennett got Bush to set specific goals for reducing drug use (a ten percent decrease in drug use within two years, a ten percent cut in drug overdose cases at emergency rooms in two years). He also argued that Bush should take a very visible role on the drug issue. OK, that makes obvious political sense, given the national anxiety over drugs. But some White House aides were nervous, fearing the issue was a political loser for Reagan and would be for Bush because the drug war can't be won anytime soon. Bush sided with Bennett. His first presidential address to the nation, on September 5, is on drugs.

Bennett got his way for two reasons. One is the plan itself. The worst fears about what he'd propose were not realized. As education secretary, he'd urged deployment of more troops and planes in border interdiction of drugs. Now he's downplaying interdiction, which hasn't worked. The plan doesn't call for deployment of combat troops. It concentrates on financing anti-drug efforts at the source (Colombia, Peru, Bolivia) and cracking down on street sales of drugs. There's popular support for these, especially with the drug war in Colombia and the wave of drug-related murders in Washington, D.C. Best of all, the plan is cheap enough that Bush never considered raising taxes to pay for it. It would increase drug spending by $2 billion, a small item in a $1.1 trillion budget.

The second reason is Bennett's skill at the bureaucratic inside game. It's a skill I didn't know he had. At education he played the outside game, fomenting controversy. As drug czar, Bennett has proselytized inside the administration, targeting Bush and five aides. He clung to Bush on trips to New York and Pennsylvania last spring when the president discussed drugs. On one trip he talked to Bush for an hour, one-on-one, about drugs. In June Bush chatted with runaway kids at Covenant House in New York. They told him they could make $500 to $1,000 a day selling drugs. So why work at McDonald's? When Bush got back to the White House, he called Bennett at the beach in North Carolina. They talked for 25 minutes.

At the White House, Bennett's other prey were John Sununu, the White House chief of staff, and budget director Richard Darman. Sununu needed little convincing. He sees drugs as a "wedge issue." It can be used to separate conservative and moderate Democrats from their party. "There are ways that you can talk about this issue that will cause trouble for Democrats," says a White House official. Darman is influential on all domestic policy issues, and he'd have to find the money in other programs to pay for the new drug effort. Actually, finding the money turned out to be easy for Darman, who proposed to spread the cuts around several programs.

Darman became a strong advocate of the Bennett plan, even for one part that Bennett wouldn't fight for. That was the idea of denying federal highway funds to states unless they agreed to take the driver's license from anyone convicted of a drug offense. Transportation Secretary Samuel Skinner balked at this, arguing on the grounds of federalism that states should be encouraged to do this but not coerced. Federalism is the subject of a long-running dispute among conservatives. Traditional conservatives recoil from a strong federal role in domestic policy. Neoconservatives—Bennett is one—want one. But Bennett didn't think the matter weighty enough to lose a fight over. At the Domestic Policy Council in early August, he said arguments on both sides had merit. Darman was the only official to speak up for the cutoff of highway funds. He

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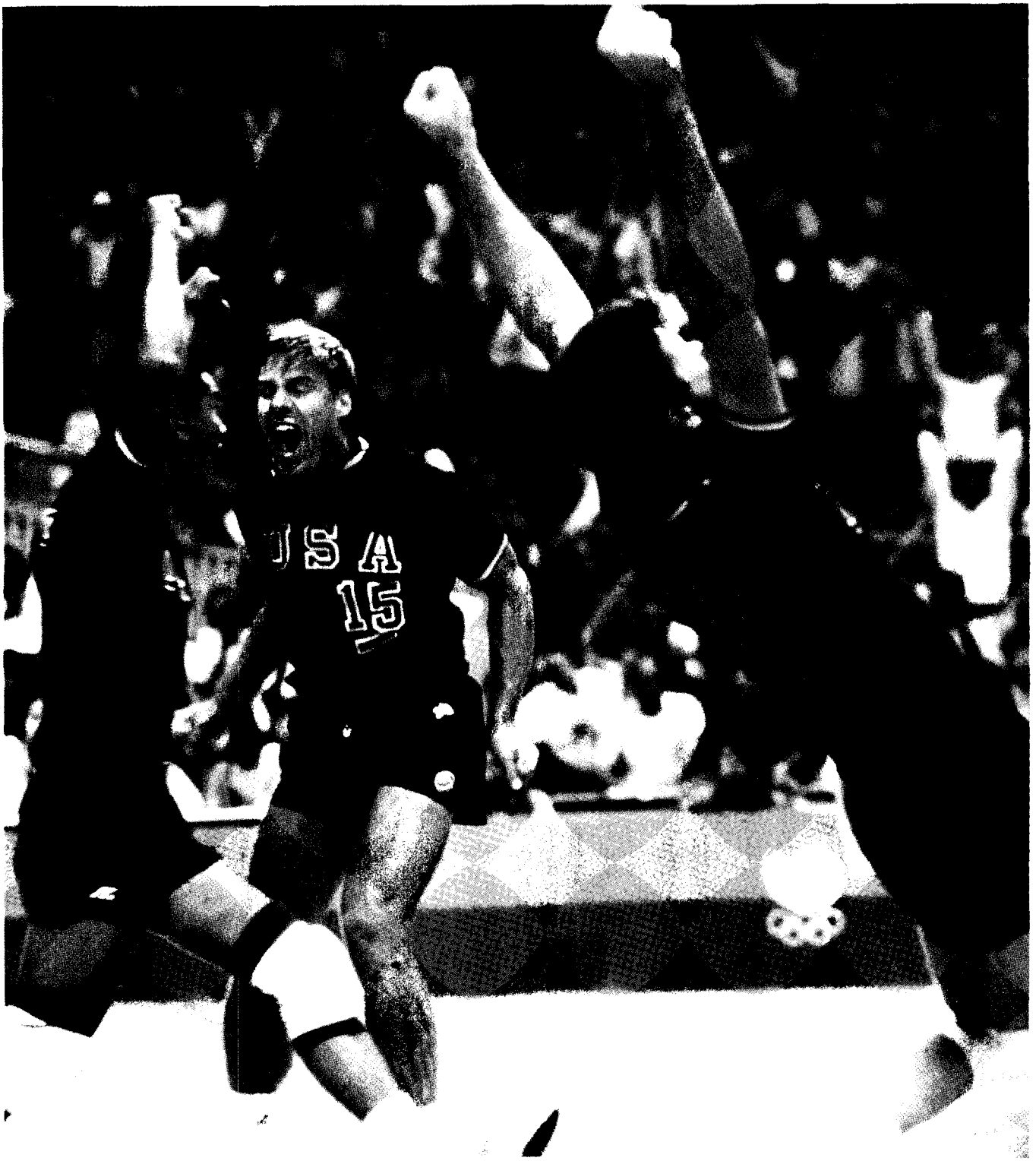

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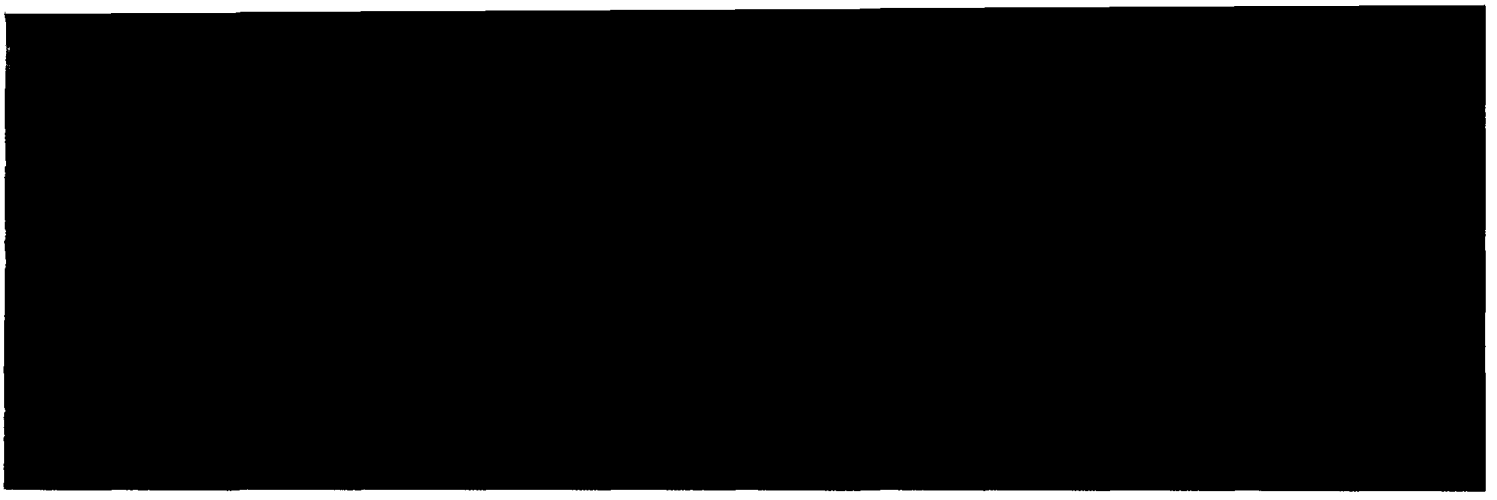

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lost. Sununu agreed with Skinner, and that was that. The next day Bennett called Darman to apologize for not sticking with him.

Bennett made sure that Lee Atwater, the Republican national chairman, and Bush pollster Robert Teeter were allies. He invited them to breakfast in June to see if they had political misgivings about Bush's personal identification with the drug program. They didn't. Teeter said Bush couldn't avoid the issue after having discussed it so much in last year's campaign. Atwater says he told Bennett, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead." Bennett got a complaint from Democrat Joe Biden, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, for meeting with Atwater. At the time, Bennett wouldn't testify before Congress, saying his plan wasn't completed. To Biden, Bennett's response was, "Why not [meet with Atwater]? He's a smart guy." In August, a month before the plan was released, Bennett talked with a dozen Republican political consultants assembled by Atwater. The other guy wooed by Bennett was James Burke, the head of Media Advertising Partnership for a Drug-Free America, and a pal of Bush.

The schmoozing of Bush worked wonders. Shortly after he was sworn in as czar in March, Bennett asked the Pentagon to assign a military officer he knew to the drug office. Pentagon officials declined. Then Bennett made a personal request to Adm. William Crowe, then the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Crowe said no. Finally Bennett asked Bush to intercede. He did, and the officer was assigned to Bennett's shop. A bigger matter was Bennett's conflict with the Justice Department and Attorney General Richard Thornburgh. "Justice was the most resistant to Bennett," says a White House aide. "Thornburgh was the guy with the most to lose from a turf point of view."

Thornburgh prevailed when Bennett tried to create a new Strategic Intelligence Center, but not when he sought to limit Bennett's jurisdiction. Thornburgh contested Bennett's right to coordinate the administration's policy in curbing the supply of illegal drugs. Dealing with suppliers is a law enforcement problem that belongs in Justice, he said. Bennett saw the issue as non-negotiable. If he lost the coordination role, the guts of the jobs would be gone. He'd probably have to quit. He pleaded directly to Bush. The matter was left to Roger Porter, the White House domestic policy adviser. Porter gave Bennett practically everything he wanted.

Bush approved the drug strategy the day before he left for Kennebunkport in August. To help him decide, Bennett set up three sessions at the White House with experts on drug prevention, treatment, and law enforcement. Between the second and third sessions, Bush held a press conference. Bennett was delighted when Bush endorsed the plan wholeheartedly. "It's balanced, decisive, effective, and achievable, and it will target all aspects of the problem," he said. Great words, but now the plan had better work.

Reductio ad absurdum in Missouri.

If Fetuses Are People...

By William Saletan

Four weeks after the Supreme Court reinstated a Missouri statute declaring that life begins at conception, Kansas City attorney Michael Box filed a federal lawsuit against Missouri's attorney general, governor, and five other state officials for jailing the fetus of a female prison inmate without due process. "The state of Missouri says that fetuses are persons," Box argues. "You've got somebody in prison for the crime of another person. The 13th Amendment says you can't do that."

Box calls himself "your basic long-haired, liberal strict constructionist." He and other guerrilla lawyers have spent the past two months thinking up new ways to wreak havoc on Missouri's fetal rights law. On July 24, the state's top newspaper, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, asked whether the law's assertion that "life begins at conception" entitled a taxpayer to claim a fetus as a state tax deduction. Other papers took up the subject, and a subsequent *Post-Dispatch* editorial added the question of welfare payments and Food Stamp allowances for fetuses.

The following week Box filed his lawsuit. Jefferson City attorney Dan Dodson heard about it on the radio the next day and started "thinking about other ways to cut 'em off at the knees." At a National Women's Political Caucus meeting that night, Dodson and his comrades brainstormed and came up with the idea that if life begins at conception, all Missourians ought to get nine months added to their ages.

Dodson went back to his files and found a client aged 20 years and five months who had been stripped of his driver's license under a state DWI law that covers people below the age of 21. In a court motion, Dodson argued that under Missouri law his client's life had begun over 21 years before the incident, making him legally an adult and immune to automatic license suspension. A fellow attorney joked, "I like that motion. I'm going to get done paying child support sooner."

Dodson and other pro-choice lawyers have concocted long lists of questions about privileges and entitlements pegged to age: driver's licenses, drinking, voting, military enlistment, lottery tickets, admission to X-rated movies, eligibility to run for office, Social Security, payouts on IRAs and Keough plans—even mandatory retirement ages for judges.

The financial weight of these questions is not trivial.

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If the 40,000 or so Missouri citizens who are 61 years old today were allowed to add nine months to their ages, about 30,000 of them would suddenly become eligible for Social Security, at a total potential cost of $150 million a year. Based on the state's annual birth rate of 75,000, the annual cost to the state of AFDC and Food Stamps for fetuses would be about $5 million. A tax deduction for fetuses would add another $1.5 million.

The guerrilla lawyers have taken some early losses, but it's too soon to tell how the war will go. Missouri's revenue director squashed the tax deduction idea, but hostile attorneys are likely to appeal. National Right to Life attorney James Bopp says the no-deduction rule rests on a simple premise: "There is a rational differentiation for tax purposes between a child that is unborn and a child that is born." That's arguable but less than compelling, since both are dependents. It's also a dangerous slippery-slope concession for a pro-lifer.

In August a local court tossed out Dodson's DWI motion, saying the fetal rights law did not require the state to date age from conception. Pro-life attorneys insist the notion of dating age from birth is obvious. But apparently it's not obvious to the Chinese. "They figured out that you spent X number of months in your mother's womb, and that was almost a year, and therefore you are a year old at birth," explains Chinese law specialist James Feinerman of Georgetown University. Meanwhile, however, people in metropolitan areas (15 percent of China's population) are declared zero years old at birth. In effect, where you were born determines whether you're subject to military conscription 17 or 18 years after birth.

Preventing the untoward consequences of Missouri's "life begins at conception" law will keep the state's legislators busy. They could explicitly make birth the benchmark for counting age under each law, but since the Missouri Supreme Court has already declared blanket revisions unconstitutional, dozens of separate changes would have to be passed.

In the meantime, courts and state agencies that deal with questions such as granting and suspending driver's licenses would face the sticky problem of determining when each person was conceived. "I suppose you could produce the used condom package, but that would probably mean you weren't conceived," suggests Tom Blumenthal, president of the Missouri Civil Liberties Union, unhelpfully.

Box says there are two dozen pregnant women in Missouri state prisons, in addition to those in city and county jails. Pro-life attorneys say Box's suit is silly because the fetus has no "liberty interest." Since the fetus is confined to the womb either way, Bopp argues, "It doesn't matter where the womb is." But Box says the stress of prison life is obviously bad for the fetus, and violates the Eighth Amendment. "There's no way that you can adequately protect that fetus from the danger of other criminal women" in prison.

Box says he's "got another case in the works" to sue the state for welfare and Medicare payments on behalf of fetuses. He says he's also encouraging legal action by an intern in the lieutenant governor's office who is thinking of running for the state legislature but will be six months shy of 25 when the filing deadline arrives.

Frank Susman, the lawyer who argued against the Missouri statute before the Supreme Court, has a few other ideas. He wants to know, for example, whether the law implies that Missouri's fetuses should be counted in the census. This question is particularly interesting with congressional reapportionment approaching in 1991. Each state's share of congressional seats and electoral votes for the rest of the century will be determined by its population as of April 1, 1990. Florida, for example, is on course to pick up three additional seats and stands just 70,000 people shy of getting a fourth, according to Kimball Brace, president of Election Data Services.

It's too late to produce a bumper crop of Florida babies by next April, but the Florida legislature might come to the rescue. Governor Bob Martinez has called an October special session to pass abortion restrictions, and pro-life lawmakers have already drafted legislation similar to the Missouri statute. With an annual state birth rate of 175,000, it's safe to figure that just by padding its count with fetuses, Florida would bag an extra seat in Congress. Of course, federal law doesn't allow for counting the unborn, but census takers are at the mercy of whatever each household tells them. Brace suggests a state campaign urging gynecologists to get out the word to pregnant women: "Be sure to fill out your census form, and don't forget to add Junior."

The guerrilla lawyers will probably lose all of these battles, but they may well win the war by forcing the courts to choose between accepting the unpalatable consequences of conferring all personal rights on fetuses and, alternatively, chipping away the problematic rights from the fetus one by one. If the courts hold that under Missouri law a fetus has no liberty interest, no right to food or medical care, no maturity, and no standing as a family dependent, what will remain of the principle that fetuses are persons?

Pro-life lawyers mock the pro-choicers' strategy of fetal-rights reductio ad absurdum, but they're unwittingly playing the same game themselves. In the last month two Missouri courts acquitted pro-life demonstrators of trespassing at abortion clinics on the grounds that they were trying to save the lives of unborn persons. On October 16 pro-lifers will test this "necessity defense" before a state appeals court for the first time since *Webster*. Beyond inviting chaos at clinics, that's the kind of logic that leads down the road to Murder One for abortion providers. Most people doubt it will go that far, but then again, most people didn't think the law would be interpreted to justify lawbreak-

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ing in one Missouri court, much less two. Before the bandwagon of unborn rights draws much closer to a judicial precipice, somebody in the Missouri legislature may decide to hit the brakes.

WILLIAM SALETAN is the editor of the Hotline.

The second Alaska oil boom.

BLACK GOLD

By Charles P. Wohlforth

VALDEZ, ALASKA

Alaska is enjoying its third oil boom in two decades, but for the first time Alaskans see the cost directly. After thinking of themselves as proud pioneers, sentimental about their guns and honestly believing that the wilderness brought them here, Alaskans have been forced to name their price. Some toast the oil spill in Valdez bars and insist that oil won't really hurt the environment because, after all, it is natural too. More are disgusted by the accident, but they also know that the state lives on oil, and will until all of it is gone.

The cleanup of the Exxon spill, at an expected cost of $1.2 billion, is an economic explosion in a state with half a million residents. The unemployment rate, which had been among the highest in the nation, fell in the two months after the spill to the lowest seen here since 1976, when construction of the Trans-Alaska pipeline was in full swing and the state went through its first binge of big oil money. This summer the town of Valdez even looked as it did during the pipeline days. Workers slept in their cars or on the street until they got hired at wages that started at $1,750 a week. Construction camps and trailers filled the empty lots. Cars jammed the streets. Along the main drag, a marketplace of vendors with campers and tents filled the parking lots, hawking souvenir T-shirts, junk food, Elvis Presley beach towels, and vials of spilled crude. The quiet town's police were overwhelmed with crimes from fighting and drunk driving to rape.

Alaska is familiar by now with the cycles of boom and bust. When pipeline construction ended in the late '70s, and again when oil prices dropped in 1985, tens of thousands lost their jobs and left the state, and the real estate market crashed. Alaska was still suffering the effects of the latest bust when the Exxon Valdez hit a reef and went aground. Drastic cuts had been made in state government, and the collapse in real estate prices had put most of the state's banks out of business. Tall grass grew in front of the houses of deserted subdivisions that had been thrown up cheap and fast to catch the oil money. A popular bumper sticker read, "God, please let there be another oil boom. I promise not to piss it away this time."

"Remember that [bumper sticker]?" asked Sherry Wolf, a waitress this summer at the Club Bar in Valdez, one of the places where Capt. Joseph Hazelwood drank before heading out on his last voyage. "Well, let me tell you, they are [doing it again]." Rounds of drinks bought for the house have become so routine that no one makes a fuss anymore. One patron described a cleanup worker for Exxon lighting a $50 bill on fire and sending it to the waitress as a "hot tip."

The spilled oil has, of course, temporarily ruined the fishing. In southcentral Alaska, commercial fishermen watched more than $300 million worth of salmon swim by. But for many of them the big money of the cleanup has meant an outstandingly profitable season. Soon after the spill, Exxon chartered large boats for about $5,000 a day. Although the rates subsequently dropped, the fishermen lucky enough to have their boats among the 1,700 Exxon rented were able to buy new boats and pay for them several times over.

Some paid for their luck with self-respect. In June Mike Nakada, a fisherman from the town of Homer, was working to catch blobs of emulsified oil before they went up Cook Inlet, where the $100 million salmon fishery was threatened but not yet closed. Fishermen who had wanted to save the fishery had sent a real estate developer with Exxon connections to the company to suggest the idea of catching the blobs. He turned it into a private business proposal, in hopes of cashing in as a middleman, as other Exxon contractors have done. The finagling delayed the work several weeks, while oil was drifting into the fishing grounds. Even then the fishermen could have banded together and done the work themselves, and their fleet of hundreds of boats might have caught a significant amount of oil. Instead they waited for Exxon, and then only a handful of boats paid by Exxon did the work. The effort failed, and the fishing season was closed.

"One of the few good things about the spill is that it held up a mirror to the whole state," Nakada said. "It showed, how much does money mean to us? How much does a fish mean to you? How much money does it take to come between you and your friends?" In his case, the price was $2,500 a day, which is what he made from Exxon. A friend of his had refused the work, and their friendship has been strained.

Exxon has paid partial damage claims to fishermen according to a system that has left out many people and brought out the worst in others. The island of Kodiak is among the biggest fishing ports in the world, and its economy, unconnected with the oil industry, thrived while the rest of the state was in distress. But this year Kodiak's largest harvest, salmon, was put off limits by the oil blobs in the water, and the economy became entirely dependent on Exxon's largess. Exxon made $15,000 hardship payments to holders of commercial fishing permits, with a verbal understanding that the skippers would share the money with their crews. Many

continued on page 23

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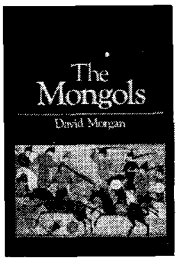

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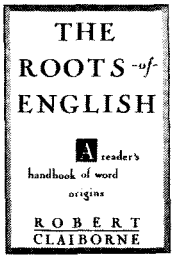

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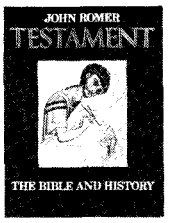

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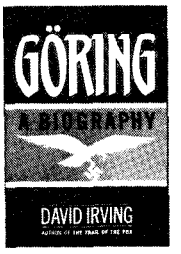

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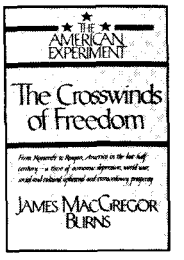

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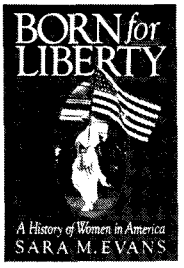

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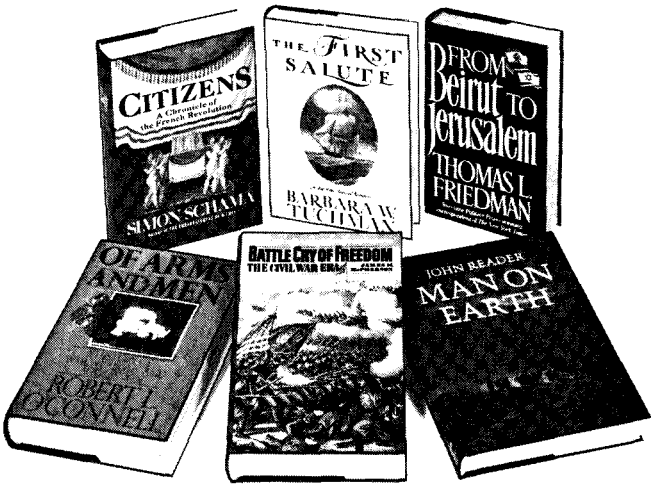

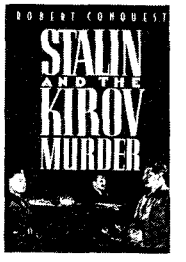

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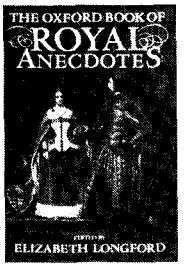

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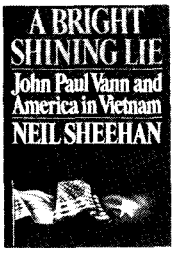

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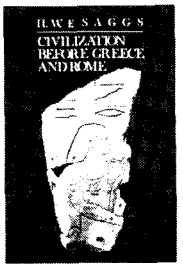

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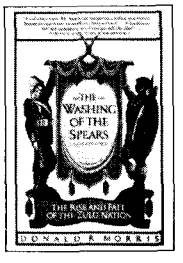

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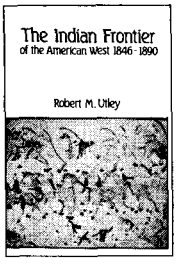

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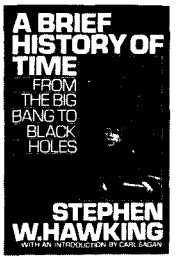

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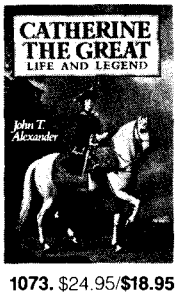

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Potemkin Cleanup

VALDEZ

Flying over the Prince William Sound these days, you see giant brown clouds drifting slowly through the water. These are not remnants of the cargo of the Exxon Valdez. They are schools of thousands of salmon heading for their spawning grounds. The salmon are packed into the creeks and rivers that flow from the lush islands in the sound. If you want to catch one you can bend down and grab it with your hands. A major reason for the abundance is Alaska's ban on commercial fishing in large areas affected by the spill. But the salmon also illustrate that much wildlife remains alive and well in the area.

Exxon's scientists and public relations specialists like to remind reporters and politicians of that. They also insist that the mess is not so great as people in "the lower 48" have been led to believe. A television screen filled with scenes of an oiled beach might convey the impression that Prudoe Bay crude covers most of the southern Alaska shoreline. In fact, oil washed up on less than ten percent of the coastline of Prince William Sound. That equals hundreds of miles of beaches, but much of the coastline escaped.

In the areas where oil did strike, Exxon's cleanup effort has resembled a military invasion. Thousands of people have been working to remove the oil from the beaches. Hundreds of boats, planes, and helicopters are constantly on the move. Large ships, some military vessels leased from the Navy, stand offshore to house, feed, and supply the work force. The pathetic attempts to clean the oiled rocks with paper towels that we saw in the first days after the spill have given way to new technologies and machinery designed for the task. Monstrous barges called "omnis" and "maxis" carry out much of the work. Boilers on board heat sea water to 120 degrees or more. The omnis spray the hot water onto the beaches through pipes in giant cranes. The maxis pump it through hoses so that workers onshore can spray smaller areas. The hot sea water melts at least some of the oil enough so that it flows off the beach into the ocean, where boats stand ready to vacuum it up.

It is difficult to imagine how even the world's largest corporation could be doing more to try to clean up the oil, but that does not mean it is enough. Because Exxon improvised the methods and designed the equipment after the spill, much of the summer passed before the effort reached this intensity. With only a few weeks remaining until Exxon pulls out its work force for the winter, perhaps forever, fewer than half the oiled beaches have been sprayed at all. Even on those beaches that the Coast Guard has "signed off" as officially clean, it is easy to scoop up gobs of oil.

Although Exxon is spending more than half a billion dollars on the cleanup, the company's scientists concede that it will accomplish little. The cleanup "was all necessitated by political pressure," Wolfgang Konkel, one of the company's top scientists, told me. Supertankers dock at Valdez throughout the year, and if a spill had occurred during the winter there would have been no cleanup, at least for several months until the weather permitted it. But because the Exxon Valdez hit Bligh Reef at the end of March, there was plenty of daylight for cameras to photograph the leaking oil and dying otters.

What's more, says Konkel, "If you take a look at the research that's been done on spills like the Amoco Cadiz [the world's largest, off Normandy in 1978], basically the broad conclusion is that the shoreline should not be cleaned at all." Many academic and government scientists agree at least in part, and worry that the cleanup itself might be causing a great deal of damage to the environment. When that hot water mixed with oil washes back into shallow water offshore, it threatens an ecological niche where many creatures live and breed. "We're constantly trying to balance what the benefit will be from removing the oil against the biological damage caused by the cleanup," says John Robinson of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the federal government's head scientist on the scene.

On September 15 the cleanup stops and that discussion becomes moot. Konkel says that most of the oil that will be left on the shores will be gone by spring. "After a winter in Prince William Sound, I think you would probably have to use chemical analysis to find out that there was even oil there." Robinson disagrees. "By next spring, this oil is going to be extraordinarily difficult to deal with. It's going to be much more viscous than it is right now. It's going to take much more harsh methods to deal with it."

In any case, serious questions remain about the oil's effects on the environment. Crude oil does most of its short-term damage in the first few hours and days after a spill. Researchers now know that more than 800 sea otters died despite Exxon's well-publicized $8 million effort to rescue a few dozen. The scientists have found the carcasses of more than 28,000 sea birds, and they believe that the oil killed many times that number. Bald eagles often eat dead birds, and the eagles ingested a lot of oil; scientists have found 116 dead eagles. None of the species that were killed in large numbers is endangered in this area, so scientists expect the populations to recover.

Long-term damage is more difficult to measure. Dozens of scientists have been working in the sound this summer, some financed by Exxon, others by the federal and state government. One of the major findings so far: many adult fish ingested oil. The amounts the fish took in were often not great, much less than scientists routinely would find in fish that had ever swum offshore from Los Angeles or New York. But because the water here had been so pure, the discovery is a danger signal. Studies carried out before the Exxon Valdez spill showed that oil can slow growth and reduce fishes' abilities to reproduce. It will take years of research to find out whether this spill reduced the numbers of salmon or other commercially important fish species in the sound.

An Exxon biologist, John Barker, told me that he believes the environment will suffer no permanent damage, and that he feels "comfortable that things are going to be OK five or six years from now." Most of the other scientists working here believe that is probably so, but they also say that if another gigantic spill is allowed to happen, this magnificent area is far less likely to recover.

ROBERT BAZELL

Robert Bazell is science correspondent for NBC News.

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kept the money instead. Later Exxon asked skippers to name their crew members so that they could be paid directly. Some skippers (exactly who is a town secret) named family members instead, so they could pocket all of the settlement money. Kodiak was full of fishing crewmen, normally flush with cash, who were left destitute. Exxon declined to take on the problem. "Do you handle all the injustices in the world because people aren't being fair?" asked John Peavey, Exxon's community liaison in Kodiak. "It's a very difficult question."

In any case, much of what was lost in the oil spill could not be compensated with money. Alaska Natives with oil washing up in their villages were afraid to eat salmon, seal, shellfish, and seaweed, which make up a large part of their diet. They are eating store-bought red meat and chicken, and most have not stocked up on traditional foods for the winter. Some villages began cleaning the shores before Exxon was organized in their areas. When Exxon arrived, it hired every able-bodied person in the village. In many places, with the village empty of adults, the traditional society began to break down. In the village of Port Graham, even the Russian Orthodox priest went to work for Exxon. "This is something that's affected us spiritually," said Elenore McMullen. "Our spiritual leaders have gone off to work on the spill, making $16.69 an hour."

But the people making the most from the oil spill are those the oil industry had already made rich. Exxon's main contractor on the cleanup, Veco Inc., has a contract that guarantees a percentage of profit on everything spent. Veco, started by a welder in the Cook Inlet fields in 1969 (and briefly bankrupt in 1982), has always worked for the oil companies and carried their political baggage. The company was caught in 1985 giving fat manila envelopes of illegal campaign contributions to state politicians who opposed oil taxes and regulation. This summer it received the largest civil fine in the history of state campaign financing laws for the violation, but the $28,000 it owes is not likely to worry Veco's owners, who will probably be among the state's richest men after pocketing their percentage of this summer's project.

Fishermen, Natives, and others who remember Alaska before oil or plan to stay after the money is gone feel sadness about the spill, but they will continue to profit from the industry. The state government has no sales or income tax, and it sends every resident $800 a year in interest from an oil income savings account. The state still offers low-interest loans to all residents for housing and education and sends monthly checks to everyone over 65. Oil industry employees, annoyed by the emotional backlash, ask if Alaskans plan to give back their annual checks, or to tear down the public facilities that oil built.

As the oil spill cleanup wound down in August, residents of Native villages and fishing towns hoped to see life return to normal. But Exxon employed more than 10,000 people, the majority from Alaska, many of whom will look back on the summer with nostalgia. They worked on floating camps surrounded by stunning wilderness, eating the tender steaks the oil industry feeds its workers and making more money than they had ever made before. Some called Hazelwood a hero. "I feel pretty good," said Greg Ennis. "Think about it. I haven't had a break like this in my life. Make 15 grand in three months. Take a trip to Europe with a gal I met."

CHARLES P. WOHLFORTH is a reporter for the *Anchorage Daily News*.

Colombia's government-by-cocaine.

A MESS IN THE ANDES

By Tina Rosenberg

In the 42nd and last year of his life, luck handed Alvaro Medina, a justice on the Superior Court of Medellín, Colombia, a case that eventually would require him to indict Pablo Escobar, the most important cocaine trafficker in the world. Other judges had faced this dilemma. Not indicting Escobar would make a judge wealthy and add greatly to his chances of living a long life. Indicting him would be a purely symbolic gesture, there being almost no chance of finding a policeman who would arrest him, witnesses to testify against him, or a jailer who would hold him. Every judge before had made the only rational choice, but Alvaro Medina indicted Escobar.

In the year following the indictment, the Medina family received four or five threatening phone calls a day. Medina kept changing his phone number, but the calls would start again. Dr. Medina, we understand that your son wore a blue raincoat to school today. Dr. Medina, we're calling from the Campo de Paz ceme-

TINA ROSENBERG is working on a book about violence in Latin America, to be published by Morrow.

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tery; your plot is ready. A bomb came through the roof. Medina, an unsmiling man who took his children to watch the flag-raising at the local army barracks each Sunday morning and cried at the national anthem, refused the pleas of his family to resign or leave the country. "If I retire, how can I ever expect a judge to be firm and honest?" he would say to Luz Estela, his wife. His favorite book was *Don Quixote*. On April 8, 1985, Medina was shot in the front yard of his modest home by two men while his nine-year-old son watched. He died in his wife's arms.

It is hard to imagine why an honest man or woman would choose a career in criminal justice in Colombia. In just three days in late August, the *sicarios*, or hired guns, of the drug traffickers killed Magistrate Carlos Valencia Garcia, who had upheld an arrest warrant for Escobar; Col. Valdemar Franklin Quintero, the chief of police for Antioquia, Medellín's state; and Luis Carlos Galán, the young, dynamic social reformer who almost certainly would have won the 1990 presidential election had he not been foolish enough to support an extradition treaty with the United States.

Galán, whose death triggered the government's most recent declaration of war on drug traffickers, was just another casualty on a very long list: about 70 judges killed since 1981, 150 other judicial employees, 30 journalists, hundreds of policemen, a justice minister, an attorney general, and a few politicians who had stood up to the traffickers, or mafia, as Colombians call them. These assassinations are usually followed by a day and a half of outrage, public statements that the situation has now become intolerable, that things must change, and a short crackdown in which no one important is arrested. And then life goes on. After the 1984 murder of Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, the traffickers fled to Panama, where they held talks with Colombian government officials, established their Panama branch office under the able direction of Manuel Antonio Noriega, and returned to business.

The confiscations of the traffickers' airplanes and farms—which accelerated amid much publicity after Galán's death but actually began in March 1988—traditionally have been an annoyance at best. Seizures of chemicals and cocaine stockpiles are more important and have risen sharply this year, but Colombia produces so much cocaine—far more than the current market can absorb—that the seizures have little effect.

What happened after Galán's death is new mainly in that both sides are raising the stakes. The Colombian government will now receive some U.S. funding to help protect judges and others threatened by the cartel. And the traffickers are aiming beyond their specific adversaries, now terrorizing political parties, the press, and business leaders. The most important, and most disturbing, new development is the traffickers' demonstration that up till now they've been holding back; they have the power and the will to indiscriminately destroy Colombia's political institutions.

Even the violence of the 1980s is not extreme by Colombia's historical standards. The conquest of Colombia was characterized by desperate, brutal greed as invading Spaniards killed whole Indian tribes in their search for El Dorado, the golden man. During the colonization it was the classic feudal society, each landowner a petty king. Between 1830 and 1903 Colombia had nine national civil wars, 14 local civil wars, two wars with Ecuador, two successful military coups and one that failed—a distinguished record even by Latin American standards. Between 1886 and 1903, 170,000 Colombians, one of every 20, died in wars. A meaningless political dispute killed 200,000 more between 1948 and 1953, the age that came to be known as La Violencia.

The explosion of violence over the last decade was produced by adding a new element, cocaine, to an already volatile political mix. In the early 1980s the traffickers formed ties with some units of the pro-Soviet Colombian Armed Revolutionary Forces guerrilla group (which protected jungle labs in return for money). But now the mafia's principal allies are the death squads of the military and the right. The drug families first became a so-called cartel in 1981, when several of them banded together to form a death squad to kill members of the M-19 guerrillas after the M-19 kidnapped mafia princess Marta Nieves Ochoa. And as the traffickers became landowners, they formed more death squads to solve their problems with pesky peasant unions. The mafia also contributed a new style of killing: two 16-year-olds, a .38, and a motorcycle. Luz Estela had seen the face of Medina's killer. He was about 20, she said, "old" for a *sicario*.

Colombia's history of violence is both product and cause of a government that has little popular legitimacy. The nation is formally a democracy, in the sense that the Liberal and Conservative parties compete in elections. But it is hard to tell the parties apart. "If an election in Eastern Europe is a horse race with one horse," former President Alfonso López Michaelsen liked to say, "in Colombia there are two horses, but both have the same owner." That owner is the oligarchy; the left, which has captured the vast majority of unions and other popular organizations, has no real political representation. A small left-wing party, Unión Patriótica, is a party of martyrs—death squads have killed nearly 1,000 of its members since its founding in 1985. The state has neither the power nor the will to serve its people, and most Colombians feel that they do not receive the benefits of citizenship and are not bound by its rules.

Legitimacy is a particular problem for the justice system. During La Violencia, judges and police were used to persecute whichever party happened to be out of power. A state of siege established to combat the violence in 1949 decreed that crimes against the "public order" would be treated not as simple crimes but as political crimes—"Class A" crimes—and judged in military courts. These "public order" crimes included practically all offenses against the means of production and

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its owners—robbing a bank, kidnapping a coffee producer, stealing cattle. All others were "Class B" crimes. This meant a military court for crimes against the rich and a civilian court for crimes against the poor.

The government promptly lost interest in the civilian courts, and Colombians lost whatever interest they still had in the law. The Supreme Court ruled the dual system unconstitutional in 1987, but by then the civilian courts had suffered 38 years of neglect. Judges today receive 400,000 new cases each year and are able to process only 70,000 of them. Three-quarters of the people in Medellín's jails have not yet been tried; those who are finally acquitted will have already spent years in jail.

Latin America's Roman legal tradition demands that judges act as investigators, but the Colombian government gives its judges few resources. They must call a strike most years to collect their salaries. There are few forensic laboratories and few people with the time or know-how to use them. In theory, judges can call the Judicial Police for help. "But when Alvaro was alive the Judicial Police didn't have telephones," Luz Estela said. At night, she and Medina would drive around to investigate crimes. He, at least, had a car. Other judges took the bus. The Judicial Police officials I met said things haven't improved. "I have a murder here," one told me, jabbing his finger into a map of the remote northern mountains, "and I have to send a judge who pays for the trip out of his own pocket. He gets reimbursed in July for traveling in January. We have to send him in a canoe, alone, or maybe with a secretary. The traffickers have helicopters, turboplanes, sophisticated arms and communications equipment. I'm sending judges in canoes."

Luz Estela is a lawyer working in Medellín's luxurious new Municipal building. Her office is large and well appointed. "But I work for the city," she said. "Alvaro worked for a branch of the government the politicians didn't care about. They gave him a desk and a basic chair. The bookshelves, curtains, and ashtrays we brought from home."

His office building, the Old National Palace in Medellín's downtown, with its courtyards and layers of hallways with maroon arches, reminded me of the giant wedding-cake houses of Maurice Escher, in which water always seems to flow downward yet ends up back where it started. The walls in each office are lined with fat notebooks of handwritten pages of case records that stretch on for years, most trailing off into dismissals for lack of evidence. In each office six or eight men sit in front of manual Olivettis with missing keys, solemnly typing multiple copies of the judicial orders that circulate from judge to judge and produce nothing—justice flowing around and around, ending up back where it started.

After Valencia Garcia's murder in August, Colombia's judges went on strike to demand protection, a word judges like to put in quotation marks. Medina never did receive the bulletproof vest he had requested, and his state-assigned bodyguard curiously did not show up for work the day Medina was murdered. I met one judge who dismissed his "protection"—two old men on a motorcycle—after a day, feeling safer taking the bus home alone. The newest trend in judicial protection is a perverse twist on the extradition treaty—instead of sending criminals abroad, Colombia sends its judges abroad, recognizing that they cannot be protected inside Colombia.

The most spectacular proof of judges' vulnerability came in November 1985, when the M-19 guerrillas occupied the Palace of Justice (with help from the mafia, many people believe). President Belisario Betancur refused to negotiate or even accept the phone calls of the president of the Supreme Court trapped inside. The police finally rushed the building. The Palace was destroyed and 11 members of the Supreme Court died in the raid, which came just before the Court was scheduled to vote on the legality of the extradition treaty. The treaty was defeated.

Justice in Colombia has been privatized: if there is any deterrent to crime it is fear of private retribution, not fear of the state. A sentence is served for one in a thousand crimes, according to the government's own figures. "We've reached the point where anyone who is judged for a crime feels he's getting arbitrary treatment," said Fernando Navas Talero, assistant attorney general for human rights.

Hoping to talk to an optimist, I interviewed Justice Minister Enrique Low Murtra on his last day in office. Finding a justice minister on his last day in office is no great trick; President Virgilio Barco has had nine justice ministers since becoming president in 1986, and the ninth, Monica de Grieff, has been persuaded to stay on her job after she talked of resignation following recent death threats. Low Murtra, however, was one of the few who had planned his retirement well in advance. He was moving to Argentina. He was bald, with liver spots and a constant tremor. It was hard to believe he was only 49. There were some signs of hope, he said. He had gotten a modest increase in the Justice Ministry's budget. He was beginning a reform of the Judicial Police. But his real reason for optimism, he said, was that a Bogotá judge had just indicted traffickers Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha and Pablo Escobar, along with several soldiers, for two peasant massacres. "In spite of the threats, it's possible to get an indictment," Low Murtra said. "It means we're getting stronger." It was an exemplary case featuring a remarkably thorough investigation by the secret police. They assembled a sordid tale of a school for *sicarios* in the rural area of Magdalena Medio, with more than 1,000 graduates, financed by the traffickers and run by the military, with North American, German, and Israeli instructors.

I saw Low Murtra in mid-July 1988. The week before, Rodríguez Gacha had called a press conference (that was how seriously he took the threat of arrest), swaggered in, and said hell, yes, he was behind the killings and that he considered himself one of the "colonels" in the fight against the guerrillas. Since my talk with Low Murtra, the following events have occurred: (1) The

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head of the secret police survived an assassination attempt that killed several of his bodyguards. (2) The judge who had made Low Murtra so proud tried to fly to the site of the *sicarios*' school to investigate. Her plane was hijacked to a remote runway, where she was held all day by the police and then returned to Bogotá. She then left the country. (3) Her father was killed. Her successors on the case resigned or were killed. This is perfectly normal. Nevertheless, the indictment was what passes for hope in Colombia.

"I tell my students that what I teach has nothing to do with reality," said Clemencia Hoyos, a law professor at the University of Antioquia in Medellín. "I teach religion—this is what should happen. If I tried to teach the real thing, I could never even start class." She said that one of the university's directors, Luis Eduardo Mesa, had been named as one of the Ochoa family's lawyers, along with five former Supreme Court justices. He had received $33,000 for his trouble. In 1986 two of Ochoa's lawyers called Hoyos to offer her money to go to New York to interview a few people. She said she turned the job down.

And yet some Colombians persevere. I cannot explain why Luis Carlos Galán still supported extradition after surviving several assassination attempts or why Clemencia Hoyos turned down thousands of dollars to do a few interviews for the Ochoas, or why Alvaro Medina indicted Pablo Escobar. Luz Estela couldn't explain it, either. When I saw her last, she said she was thinking of becoming a judge.

Gorbachev throws left and right for a loop.

The World Turned Upside Down

By Morton M. Kondracke

It's hard to be an ideologue these days. And it doesn't really matter what kind of ideologue you are. What with Mikhail Gorbachev pronouncing the Soviet system a failure and some of his favorite theoreticians talking up free markets, with Poland and Hungary heading toward bourgeois democracy, with Marxist experiments discredited and capitalist experiments blossoming all over the Third World, the American left and the American right are both in disarray. Both sides are conducting noisy and fascinating debates about whether they've won or lost.

On the left, some are basking in the glow of worldwide Gorbomania and anticipating huge new public support for their agenda of détente and arms reduction. A recalcitrant few, however, are complaining of ideological abandonment. On the right, meanwhile, a huge debate is under way between those who think the cold war is over and those who fear that we're about to drop our guard—yet again—and let the enemy off the mat. So far the Bush administration has taken a cautious middle position, but eventually it'll have to decide what deals to cut with Gorbachev and whether to help him succeed. Then there will be real trouble on the right, especially if Gorbachev cracks down on Baltic nationalists. Hard-line conservatives already are accusing the State Department of abetting a "Munich" in Central America. There's more controversy to come over Secretary of State James Baker's upcoming meeting in Wyoming with Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze.

Because a moderate-conservative government is in power in Washington, arguments within the right will have more immediate effect on national policy than agitation from the left. Conceivably, splits could develop within the administration itself. But left-wing thinking does affect congressional Democrats and presidential candidates. Jesse Jackson, for one, claims he's been proved right in saying for years that the United States ought to cooperate with the Soviet Union and talk to the PLO and the Sandinistas, and that defense spending could be cut without damaging national security. The arrival of détente surely will strengthen the left's power in the Democratic Party. If the Communist threat is gone, it will argue, what's the need for weapons spending, or troops in Europe and bases in Japan?

The left already is saying that Gorbachev has deprived the establishment and the right of the enemy they've always needed to sustain their national security policies. Some people on the right agree. According to Owen Harries, editor of the *National Interest*, Gorbachev's reforms suggest that the model of totalitarianism the right has been working on for 40 years—namely, that nothing can change—is wrong. And, he says, "the other problem is, what's going to be the purpose of American foreign policy instead of the ideological struggle? If your adversary gives up his ideology, what's going to replace it?"

But there are problems too on the left. Ronald Reagan's embrace of arms control cut into the fund-raising and organizing potential of the peace movement, as activists turn to the environment and abortion as issues

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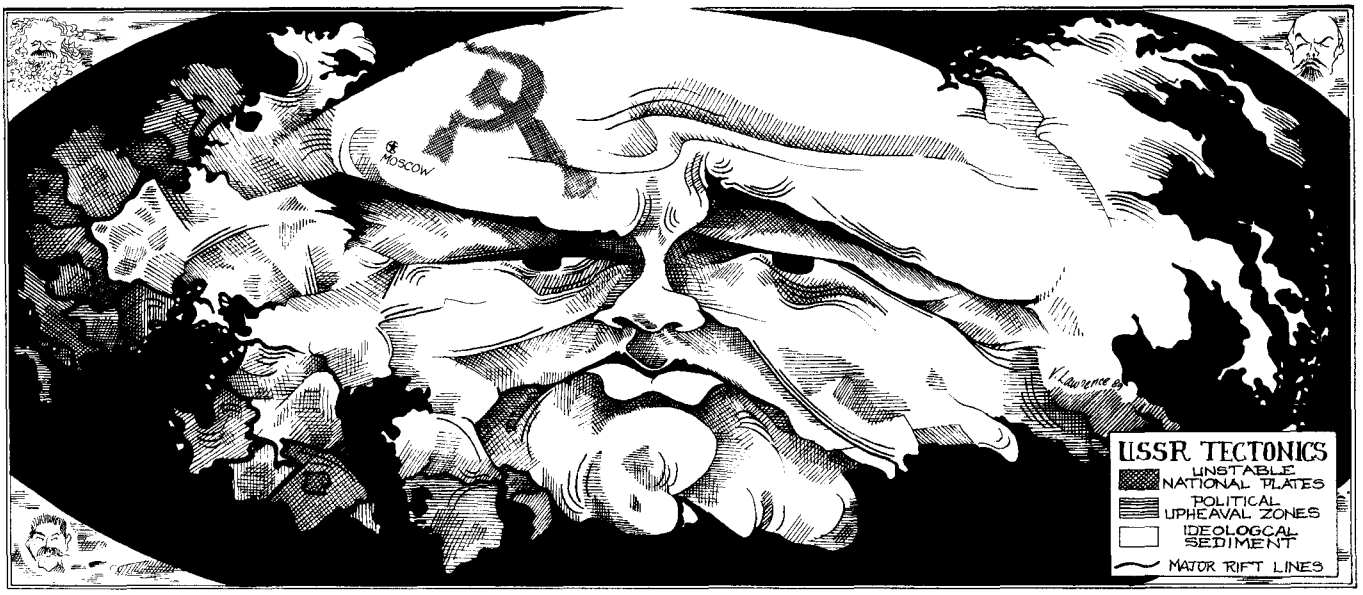

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

to rally around. Organizations such as the Institute for Policy Studies, low on cash, are casting about for a new foreign policy agenda to promote. Some possibilities include global environmentalism, control of multinational corporations, and U.S. withdrawal from Third World conflicts. El Salvador remains a major focus, and the National Council of Churches this year has begun projects to get the United States out of its bases in the Philippines and South Korea.

One left group is in utter confusion and despair. Communist Party chairman Gus Hall, usually slavishly loyal to Moscow, is battered by *glasnost*. "It seems that much of the Soviet mass media is not pro-socialist," he wrote recently. "It spreads falsehoods and slander about socialism and paints a false fairy-tale picture about capitalism." Hall temporized about China's upheaval, calling the Tiananmen massacre "a very complicated situation"; others have denounced Deng Xiaoping as a "capitalist roader," and claimed it was corruption and inflation, those rotten fruits of capitalism, that sent the students into the streets, and not a desire for Western-style democracy.

The orthodox voice of American Marxism, *Monthly Review*, now believes that "we have to go back to the basic principles of . . . utopian socialism." As practiced when? By Mao Zedong during the Cultural Revolution, believe it or not. According to *MR* editor Paul Sweezy, "Mao said the kind of things . . . which have to be done to have a decent society. . . . Marx, if he had come back alive, would have said Mao's his boy."

There is dissension at the *Nation*, the left's most widely read organ (circ. 91,500). Most of its commentators, including Christopher Hitchens and Stephen Cohen, are wildly pro-Gorbachev, while Alexander Cockburn is sullen. Cockburn and his close friends claim he is not a Stalinist, as often charged, just an anti-anti-Communist. Cockburn does go to great lengths to defend the Great Dictator against charges that he killed as many people as Hitler, but he claims it's in the service of historical truth. If not a Stalinist, Cockburn is at least a Ligachevite, a Brezhnevite, an old guard restorationist. "I think some Soviet foreign policy initiatives undertaken in the Gorbachev era have been lamentable," he wrote recently. He accuses Gorbachev, in effect, of selling out Soviet allies in Namibia, Afghanistan, and Nicaragua, and has stated that the Brezhnev era was, "relatively speaking, a golden age for the Soviet working class." "I don't want to see capitalism restored in the Soviet Union," he wrote.

Michael Parenti, formerly of the Institute for Policy Studies, similarly thinks that if Communist countries go capitalist—as could happen in Poland—they will suffer dearly for it. There will be layoffs, lower standards of living, harder work, homelessness, reduced health care, and "rationing of the kind that occurs in this country, by the market," as if there weren't crueler rationing already in Poland, that of scarcity. Parenti thinks the outcome could be akin to that in China. In the Baltics, he said, Gorbachev might have to crack down to keep the nation intact. "After all, we killed 400,000 people to prevent 11 of our states from seceding," he said.

Still, most of the left professes to be, as Saul Landau of IPS puts it, "overjoyed" with Gorbachev's reforms and the freeing-up he's allowing in Eastern Europe. IPS co-director Marcus Raskin says, in fact, that IPS urged *perestroika* and *glasnost* upon Soviet visitors at a conference in Washington in 1982, three years before Gorbachev came to power, and in the process angered Soviet academician Georgi Arbatov, who wasn't ready to hear it. Landau is so pro-*perestroika* that in a recent article in *Mother Jones* he urged the rejectionist Fidel Castro, whom Landau has hero-worshiped for 30 years, to retire for the good of his people.

Landau says Cockburn is legitimately distressed that "the one insurance company in the world that would write policies on revolution and liberation movements has gone out of business, and that progressive gains in the Third World will be reversed." But Landau, Hit-

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chens, Raskin, and IPS associate (and Jesse Jackson adviser) Robert Borosage all say that what Gorbachev is doing at home is just great. According to Hitchens and Borosage, the New Left and young stopped being pro-Moscow with the invasion of Czechoslovakia and have little love for "state socialism or state capitalism," regarding them as "morally equivalent."

They lionized Castro, the Sandinistas, and other anti-American "surrogates" and "always knew" (says Hitchens) that there was no need for a nuclear arms race or massed armaments in Europe, because neither the United States nor the Soviet Union planned to attack the other. So now Gorbachev has called a halt to the cold war and has set a new agenda for the world—of environmentalism and development—to which the United States can't respond. According to Landau, the new agenda should be that "the left, the red, goes green," promoting "democratic controls" on use of the environment.

Hitchens and Borosage say there's nothing contradictory about socialism and the existence of markets—but the task of socialism will be to eliminate the inequities of market economics for the people. Socialism, they say, once again will return to its origins in social democracy (maybe with Sweden as the model, maybe with Cuban-style neighborhood health services), and "class struggle" simply will be the effort to get the world's haves to part with the money and the power to give a decent life to the have-nots. There can be Marxism without Leninism, socialism with democracy. In short, there won't be any world revolution after all.

This revised left outlook is not very far from the vision of the future put forward in this summer's hottest article on the right, "The End of History?" by Francis Fukuyama, formerly of the RAND Corporation and now in the State Department. Published in the *National Interest*, Fukuyama's article argues that, at the level of ideology and world consciousness, the great contest between Marxism-Leninism and capitalism is over, and economic and political liberalism has won "an unabashed victory." The left doesn't agree with that, of course, but what's ahead, Fukuyama claims, is the "Common Marketization of world politics"—that is, the spread of Western consumer democracy across the planet. That sounds a lot like the social democracy predicted by the left. The difference would lie in what percent of GNP is public and private—not something anyone would go to war over. Fukuyama says that, with the threat of war gone, history is over and life will be very dull.

The right's "We've Won" school includes neoconservative philosopher Irving Kristol, publisher of the *National Interest*, such former "We're Losing!" alarmists as Harvard's Richard Pipes, Burton Yale Pines of the Heritage Foundation, Arnaud de Borchgrave of the *Washington Times*, and William F. Buckley of *National Review*. This group has an easy (and plausible) two-word explanation for how victory was snatched from the jaws of defeat: Ronald Reagan, whose first-term determination to counter Soviet expansionism forced the Soviet Union to reassess totally its internal and external policies. Pines, Buckley, and Henry Kissinger argue that now it's time to reach a grand deal with Gorbachev guaranteeing "nearly full sovereignty" to Eastern European countries, on the model of Austria.

It's been dogma on the right that the U.S. can and should do nothing to "help Gorbachev" financially or politically. But this summer the Heritage Foundation's journal, *Policy Review*, published an article by William Lind of the right-wing Free Congress Foundation (but also a former defense adviser to Gary Hart) arguing that conservatives "must be prepared to do what we can to assist and shape the transformation now under way in the Soviet Union," especially making it clear that "we, as conservatives, are ready to welcome a changed Russia back into the Western family of nations."

Such ideas are considered unrealistic, romantic, premature—and dangerous—by hard-line conservatives of the type who dominated policy thinking in the early Reagan era and then got left behind as Reagan dashed to embrace Gorbachev. The group includes former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, his aide Richard Perle, and Perle's former deputy, Frank Gaffney, whose new think tank, the Center for Security Policy, has replaced the Heritage Foundation as Washington's leading voice of anti-Soviet orthodoxy. The principal journal of hard-line thinking remains *Commentary*, whose editor, Norman Podhoretz, says he's agnostic on Gorbachev, but who regularly publishes articles by Edward Luttwak, Patrick Glynn, and Vladimir Bukovsky asserting that Gorbachev can't or won't really change the essence of communism.

The hard-liners have arguments that ought to give one pause before concluding that the East-West conflict is over—and which do give pause to the Bush administration. Soviet defense spending and East bloc aid to Third World liberation movements have not diminished. Gorbachev's top military adviser, Nikolai Ogarkov, apparently plans to use the money saved on old-fashioned military equipment to bring Soviet forces into the high-tech age. There's been no diminution of Soviet efforts to steal U.S. technology, especially military technology. In the name of democracy, Gorbachev has (as Andrei Sakharov has complained) assembled more personal power than any Soviet leader since Stalin. There have been brutal crackdowns against nationalist dissidents in Armenia and Georgia, and more may come in the Baltic states.

Gaffney's theory is that Gorbachev is pursuing the time-honored Soviet strategy of *peredyshka*—striving for breathing space—as Lenin did in signing the 1918 Brest-Litovsk treaty with Germany and in establishing his semi-capitalist New Economic Policy in the 1920s, and as Stalin did in forming various common fronts with Western liberals and in signing his 1939 pact with his supposed archenemy, Hitler. Gaffney thinks Gorbachev is succeeding in dividing the West, and wants Western technology and money to revive a Marxist-Leninist system that will remain a threat to the United States. To whatever extent the United States "helps" Gorbachev, Gaffney argues, he will be freed from the

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necessity of moving toward capitalist reform.

And even if Gorbachev is sincere in meaning to end the cold war and establish democracy, the hard-liners think that he can't possibly succeed economically, and that the regime to follow his—presumably, headed by Ligachev or the military—would be based on the theory of class warfare and would resume the cold war. Hence the United States can't afford to make concessions to the Soviets because Gorbachev's successors will use them to the West's disadvantage.

Gaffney and company think that the Bush administration, in spite of statements to the contrary, is on its way toward bailing out the Soviet Union—by eliminating the "no-exceptions" policy to loosen up sales of computers, by offering to waive the Jackson-Vanik ban on trade preferences, and by permitting a Soviet bank to open in New York this year that can transfer dollars back to the Soviet Union. Gaffney thinks Bush is engaged with Gorbachev in a "payola scheme" whereby Gorbachev will get money and Bush will get the arms control agreements he needs to be re-elected. He says that Bush was muted in criticizing Deng for the Tiananmen massacre because one of these days Gorbachev will do the same in the Baltics or elsewhere, and harsh talk about China would have created a bad precedent.

And Gaffney fears more concessions will come during the Baker-Shevardnadze conference in Wyoming—possibly on economic aid, or on Afghanistan, arms control, or Cambodia. Midge Decter, a member of Gaffney's advisory board, says that "terrible betrayals are in process," such as the return of the Khmer Rouge to Cambodia and the abandonment of the *contras*.

Administration officials naturally deny that any sell-outs or cave-ins are under way, but then no big policy decisions have been taken on nuclear arms control or bailouts to East bloc nations. The administration wisely has put conventional arms control at the top of its agenda, hoping to eliminate the 40-year threat of war in Europe as quickly as possible. It is also testing out Gorbachev's true intentions—and checking out his survival prospects—to see whether the cold war is really over and it's safe to proceed with further concessions and agreements.

Podhoretz says, "This is one case where it's easier to know what to do than what to think." That's in the short run. Eventually the administration will have to decide what it thinks about the long-term prospects of U.S.-Soviet relations, and, if the cold war really is over, about the purposes of U.S. foreign policy. The good news is that liberal democracy—bourgeois, consumerist, mixed-capitalist, welfare-state democracy—is ascendant. The challenge will be to complete the victory: to mitigate conflict based on economics, race, religion, and nationality; to prevent conflicts that do occur from leading to mass destruction; and, eventually, to make humankind one democratic family. If ideological warfare won't occur, we're hardly at the end of history. And life ahead will not be dull.

The secret history of "Days of Rage."

Film Flam

By Steven Emerson

Though it has not yet been broadcast, "Days of Rage," a documentary on the Palestinian uprising, has emerged as the most controversial Public Broadcasting Service television program in a decade. The film is a 90-minute catalog of Palestinian horror stories of Israeli brutality and torture. Virtually none of the allegations are corroborated, and there is no mention of Palestinian violence and terrorism against Israelis or against other Palestinians. For the past five months the debate has been simmering at Washington PBS headquarters and at various local television stations around the country. Chloe Aaron, vice president of WNYC in New York, decided not to show the film, and compared it to *Triumph of the Will*, the Hitler propaganda film by Leni Riefenstahl. Richard Hutton, director of public affairs at WNET in New York, has agreed to air it, because it "permit[s] the Palestinians of the *intifada* to express their views." The film is now scheduled for broadcast on September 6.

Not unexpectedly, Jewish groups have attacked the film, claiming its portrayal is selective and historically inaccurate. Pro-Palestinian groups, supported by "free speech" champions, have rallied behind it and decried PBS's decision to add a "wrap-around" discussion, claiming it represents a capitulation to pressure by Jewish contributors.

In the center of the debate is Jo Franklin-Trout, a 43-year-old filmmaker who produced, directed, and

STEVEN EMERSON, a senior editor at *U.S. News and World Report*, is the author of *The American House of Saud* (Franklin Watts) and *Secret Warriors* (G.P. Putnam's).

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narrated "Days of Rage." Franklin-Trout has repeatedly expressed outrage at PBS for what she says was a series of broken promises to air the film earlier this year and for being "intellectually dishonest" in preparing a follow-up discussion of Middle East experts to balance her documentary. She has also complained about "outside interest groups" (a euphemism for Jews) pressuring PBS about the program. When she informed PBS officials that she financed the $180,000 film herself (using revenues from sales of previous documentaries she had produced), they asked to see proof. PBS rules prohibit secret funding of documentaries or funding by parties with a direct political interest in the outcome. They could not recall any other producer of a film of this expense and political importance claiming that the entire production costs were paid out of personal funds. Franklin-Trout brought out sales receipts showing that she had sold at least $150,000 worth of cassettes of her earlier documentaries. Asked if she had received any financial support from an outside organization, she replied, "No—the funding came from the distribution of the cassettes."

In fact, "Days of Rage" was produced in close cooperation with an Arab organization headed by a friend and adviser to PLO chief Yasir Arafat. Hisham Sharabi, a leading Palestinian academic in the United States, runs the Arab American Cultural Foundation, a little-known foundation in Washington. Franklin-Trout concluded an agreement with this group in May 1988—before the film was made—that provided substantial funds to be paid to her following completion of the film if the foundation approved it, which it did. The agreement stipulated that once the movie was aired on PBS, it was to be "owned" by the foundation, which would then show it in the United States and around the world. The foundation raised most of the money in Kuwait, from government and private donors. After the agreement, Franklin-Trout was elected to the foundation's board of directors.

The Arab American Cultural Foundation is a nonprofit organization that, according to its literature, is designed "to increase public knowledge and understanding of Arab society, literature, art, and culture in the United States." Its articles of incorporation state that its purpose includes "initiating education programs and activities relating to concerns of Arab-Americans." Funded largely through grants from the Arab League, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and wealthy Palestinians, the foundation was largely inactive until last year, when it gained a new infusion of foreign funds. Although more than a decade ago Sharabi called for "armed resistance" against Israel and excused terrorism against Israeli targets, he is now considered a moderate and is a leading advocate of a Palestinian state alongside Israel.

"We had the idea of doing this, but actually she had such an idea even before the uprising," Sharabi said, discussing the origins of "Days of Rage." Franklin-Trout, because of her two previous pro-Arab documentaries and her frequent attempts to find Arab financial backing for new projects, had become a well-known figure in the Arab community in Washington and in the Persian Gulf. Franklin-Trout would make the film, Sharabi said of the agreement with Franklin-Trout, and if the foundation liked it, it would buy the "rights" and own the film following its broadcast on PBS. Sharabi repeatedly denied that the foundation had "funded" "Days of Rage," and contended that "she funded the film with her own money." However, he admitted to "buying the rights for its international distribution and national distribution after it had been aired by PBS." He added that he could not remember the "exact timing of the transfer of funds." He told me that "the money that the foundation has put [up] for this film is for the film after it's been aired." He said, "This is an agreement between us and her." And, "The moment it gets aired it belongs to us."

This way, in effect, Franklin-Trout could claim technically that she funded the film herself, and any money that was generated after its broadcast would not have to be disclosed. The money would simply be considered part of the normal post-broadcast commerce in which a filmmaker sells cassettes of the film. Sharabi emphasized that Franklin-Trout made the film without any editorial interference except for two suggestions he made: that she focus on the role of Palestinian Christians and women in the *intifada*. When he saw the rough cuts in August 1988, he was very pleased. When asked why the foundation was unwilling to admit its financial connection to the film, he conceded that it would have "discredited" the project. (Subsequently, in a conversation with PBS, Sharabi denied that there was any arrangement between the foundation and Franklin-Trout's production company, Pacific Productions, for funding the film or for purchase of rights.)

Franklin-Trout described the Arab American Cultural Foundation to me as "a small little cultural foundation that's basically set up to do poetry readings, exhibits of art and all this kind of stuff. It's very nice people, you know." She denies having made any agreement with the foundation before or after starting the film, denies having received funding for the film from the foundation, and claims that even now she owns all rights to the film. I asked her about the two multicolor brochures on "Days of Rage" printed last year by the foundation, in anticipation of a nationwide media blitz. The brochures, which are no longer available, state that the foundation is the "sponsor." "There was some confusion over that," said Franklin-Trout. "They sponsor showings, exhibits, and so on. . . . What that means is they invite people to come look at the film. . . . We had similar showings over at the Textile Museum. This is all quite common. Brookings [Institution] sponsored a showing of 'Days of Rage' the other day."

Sharabi recalls Franklin-Trout telling him that PBS had agreed to broadcast the film in September 1988.

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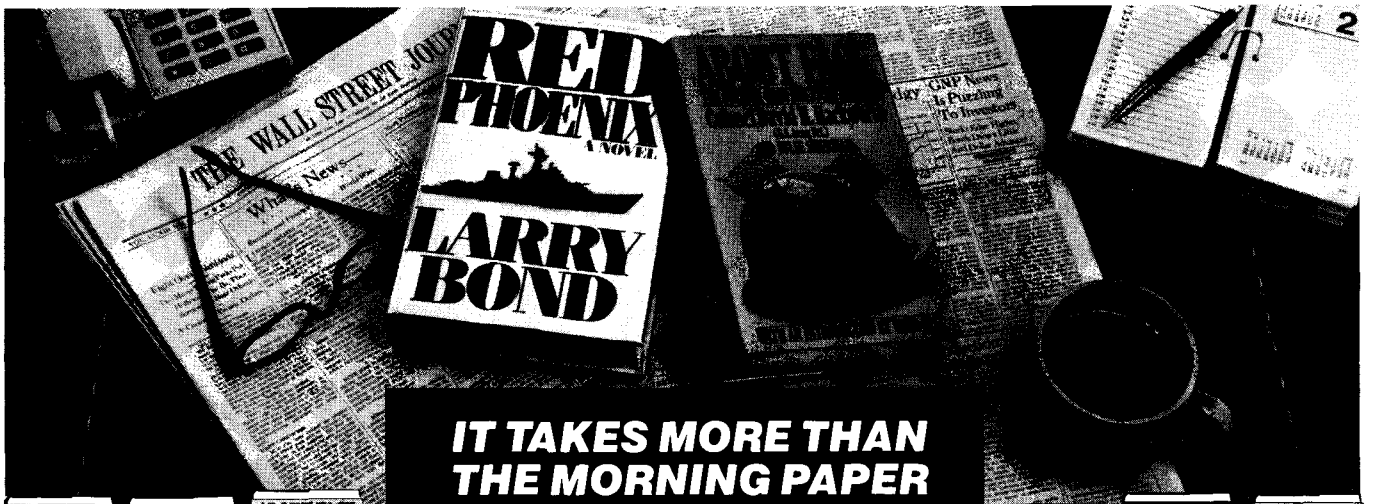

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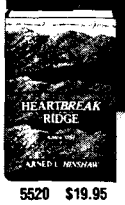

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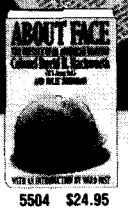

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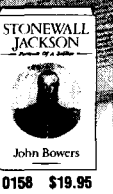

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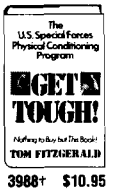

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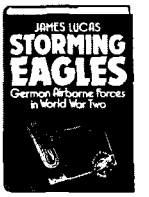

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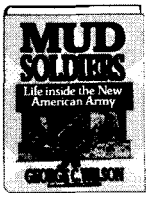

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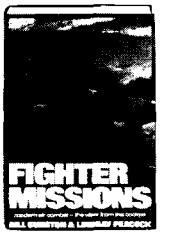

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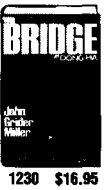

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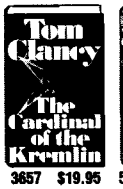

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09

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Three members of the production crew also remember being told in Israel by Franklin-Trout—even before shooting had started—that was the broadcasting date. In fact, according to Gail Christian, a PBS spokeswoman, PBS made no such agreement. "How could we agree to broadcast a film before seeing it?"

Last year Franklin-Trout and PBS officials in Washington initiated discussions with WNYC to have it present "Days of Rage." But because the film was deemed so one-sided, there were serious qualms at the station about its integrity, and no airdate was set. Contending that an agreement had actually been reached but withdrawn, Franklin-Trout presented the issue as a free speech question. In an article in the *Los Angeles Times*, she was quoted as saying that her film was being suppressed for political reasons. Columnists took up her fight, as did the liberal media watchdog group FAIR (Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting), which attacked public television for its "suppression" of free speech.

New York Times columnist Anthony Lewis devoted a column to Franklin-Trout's plight, condemning public television's "fear of freedom." Howard Rosenberg, who first "broke" the story, wrote a series for the *Los Angeles Times* in which he publicized Franklin-Trout's charges that PBS was "backing away" from the broadcast. In one article she is quoted as saying, "I've never seen anything like this. . . . It's unbelievable. . . . I'm really troubled by the fact that an outside interest group can frighten a network to that degree." Of the TV critics, only Walter Goodman of the *New York Times* has questioned the fairness of the film.

In her press interviews and public relations kits, Franklin-Trout likes to say that she made the show "in pursuit of peace." In heroic terms she recounts her repeated confrontations with Israeli authorities and their brutal attempts to stop her filming—even "arresting" her twice and "confiscating" her film. In a slick press kit distributed by Ogilvy and Mather Public Affairs, the p.r. firm hired by Franklin-Trout to do the national publicity for the film, one press release states that "Days of Rage was shot on location in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, under often harrowing conditions." In Gaza, she said, "Israeli soldiers stopped us, pulled us into a military prison, and took our film. But we were able to substitute a blank roll for our actual footage. We were hauled into jail again on the West Bank and detained for several hours. Finally they let the Americans go, but they kept the young Palestinian we'd hired to drive our van."

The true accounts are quite different. According to three members of the production crew, Franklin-Trout was never arrested. They were with her, and say no motion picture film was ever confiscated (although the soldiers ordered the still photographer to turn over the roll of film that was in her camera), and that she was never hauled into jail. What did happen, they say, is that Franklin-Trout instructed the production crew to film a military prison near Ramallah on the West Bank from a moving van, even though they knew it was a sensitive military installation. After the van had circled the prison with a motion picture camera, Israeli border police intercepted it and detained the Palestinian driver. Nobody else was detained. Franklin-Trout (and two production crew members) followed the soldiers into the jail to help release the driver. After two hours the driver was released and the crew continued its production.

In the other incident, the van was stopped at a checkpoint in Gaza by soldiers who were suspicious of the van because it had been driving around a military prison holding many Palestinians. "We didn't have permission to be there," recalled David O'Dell, "and the soldiers wanted to cover themselves, so they escorted us . . . to the army headquarters." As Franklin-Trout talked to the officer, the rest stayed in the van with the soldiers. But the atmosphere was hardly tense. "We were talking baseball and basketball . . . two of the soldiers got into an argument about who would win the basketball championships—LA or Detroit. They were pretty nice to us." Nobody was arrested. The entire "ordeal" lasted half an hour. At no point, O'Dell said, "did anyone confiscate any film then or even during the entire three weeks we were filming. If there was anything confiscated I would have remembered that because I was the assistant cameraman and it was my responsibility."

In trying to find out the true story behind "Days of Rage," I contacted Nadia Shamsedin, a 29-year-old free-lance photographer and aspiring filmmaker who had worked on the film as a production assistant and still photographer. Franklin-Trout told Shamsedin, an American whose family heritage is Lebanese Shiite, and who is sympathetic to the Palestinians, to shoot still photographs for a companion book she said that PBS would publish to coincide with the film's broadcast. Because it was to be a PBS book, Franklin-Trout explained, Shamsedin would not get any royalties, but would be "compensated" in other ways for use of the stills. "I think the book will really launch your career," Shamsedin says Franklin-Trout told her. Franklin-Trout denies she ever told Shamsedin that PBS would publish a book.

After returning from Israel, their relationship began to sour. Franklin-Trout charges that Shamsedin failed to deliver several rolls of unused film after filming ended. In July 1988 Shamsedin received a letter on Pacific Mountain Network stationery from Rona Bosin asking about the unused film. Shamsedin had dealt only with Pacific Productions, the company owned by Franklin-Trout, and had never dealt with Pacific Mountain Network or Bosin. After some calls, Shamsedin found out that Pacific Mountain Network was a Colorado-based television network that specialized in public television documentaries.

Meanwhile she called Franklin-Trout to ask when she could see the 4,000 still photos she had taken in Israel. Franklin-Trout told her that the "network" owns the pictures, and that she would ask if Shamsedin could see them. Shamsedin, believing she owned the pictures, had already moved to copyright them. After trying sev-

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eral times unsuccessfully to reach Franklin-Trout again, Shamsedin called officials at PBS, thinking that was the "network" Franklin-Trout had referred to earlier. But PBS said it knew "nothing whatsoever" about any plans for a companion book, and that the film had not even been accepted for broadcast.

Shamsedin contacted the Pacific Mountain Network, which said it had ended its association with Franklin-Trout in 1986. On October 11, 1988, PMN's chairman sent a letter to Bruce Christensen, head of PBS, stating, "[C]orrespondence from Pacific Productions which used PMN's name and corporate identification was without our knowledge or permission. . . . PMN has not been involved in the development or production of [Franklin-Trout's film] in any way whatsoever nor has it given permission for Pacific Productions to use PMN's name or logo in relation to it." And Bosin had stopped working for Franklin-Trout more than 18 months earlier. She told Shamsedin the signature on the letter had been forged.

Shamsedin was subsequently informed that the Arab American Cultural Foundation had funded the movie and that it had her photos. Samiyah Farouki, co-chairman of the foundation, told Shamsedin, "Jo and I—we have a professional relationship. . . . We're going to be recognized in the film as one of the sponsors. . . . We didn't pay only for the photographs. Our payment was not, did not go directly to the photographs. No, we have a separate agreement that we, she honored. . . . It's a good piece of work and . . . we're proud of it."

Over the past nine years, Franklin-Trout's record reveals other dubious journalistic practices. One former associate at MacNeil/Lehrer, where she worked as a senior Washington producer from 1975 to 1980, said that she developed an "extraordinary close relationship with the Saudis, much too close for comfort." While she was still a producer for MacNeil/Lehrer, Franklin-Trout secretly served as a backchannel between PBS and Saudi officials during the 1980 controversy over "Death of a Princess," in which she "relayed" Saudi feelings.

Franklin-Trout left MacNeil/Lehrer soon afterward, to begin work on a three-part documentary for PBS on Saudi Arabia, which effectively served as PBS's counterweight to airing "Death of a Princess." Broadcast in 1982, the series was slanted toward the Saudi perspective, and the money for it came from four American multinational corporations that had done billions of dollars' worth of trade with Saudi Arabia. In 1981 each company had lobbied for the sale of the advanced radar surveillance planes, AWACS, to Saudi Arabia. PBS officials claim they were unaware at the time of the extent of the relationship between the show's sponsors and its subject.

In talking to me about "Days of Rage," Shamsedin said, "I decided to go public because by remaining silent I would be a party to deceit. The film is a disservice to the Palestinians and to the Arabs. I feel very strongly about the need for the Palestinians to rid themselves of the Israeli occupiers—but nothing good can come from this deception." •

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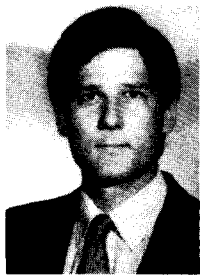

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Four Aces

We have all wasted our lives. All of us, that is, who are not members of string quartets. That is the clear import of **High Fidelity** (Four Oaks Foundation), a documentary about the Guarneri String Quartet. It's the oldest quartet now in existence, currently celebrating its 25th year, and while I was watching this engaging film, I was torn by two conflicting emotions: complete admiration and utter envy. What a way to live. I even envied these four players their quarrels—the chance to differ on such subjects, on such a ground of experience.

Arnold Steinhardt, violin, John Dalley, violin, and Michael Tree, viola, were students together at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, where they worked like mad and fooled around like madmen. Then they went to the Marlboro Music Festival in Vermont, which is run by that reticent musical giant Rudolf Serkin (who has been an idol to this layman since 1938). There they met and were impelled to join up with the cellist, David Soyer. Since then, it's been work and the pleasure of that work all the way.

The Guarneri's reputation has long been internationally high. We get some evidence of this by following them to various places in the United States, then to Venice, Baden-Baden, and Prague. Wherever they go, they are received with the almost familial warmth that seems to greet good quartets, not the wild ovations for tenors and sopranos and pianists but the simply grateful applause of people who like chamber music. Admittedly, chamber-music enthusiasts are sometimes a bit smug about their refinement as against, say, Pavarotti fans; but as in many public fakeries, there is enough truth in their belief to make the fakery unimportant. The Guarneri is valued.

The film is careful to show us that the members of the quartet have musical differences. But again and again these men tell us that a quartet consists of four leaders, that a quartet player must give up personality and yet retain it, that quartet playing is a reactive art. Each of the men does extensive playing and recording outside the quartet, either solo or in various combinations, and this other activity seems to burp any ego bubbles that may have accumulated during the ensemble work.

They also have their differences about the pieces they choose. For instance, Steinhardt has for years been pushing a quartet by Fritz Kreisler that he wants the group to play. He thinks it's wonderful, the others think it's boring. (It's hard to believe that the composer of "Caprice Viennois" and "Tambourin Chinois," though a magnificent violinist, could have had the musical intellect for a good quartet.) Every time Steinhardt proposes it at planning sessions, the others yowl and grimace; and Steinhardt, piqued, says he's going to keep on proposing it.

We also get glimpses of the homes and family lives of the four men—wives and children, hobbies and other interests. I don't think we can assume that all quartet players have charming wives, but these men do—wives who think that the quartet life is perfect for their husbands and who, apparently, interfere little, in the belief that eight are too many for a quartet. These women have professions of their own and obviously get the respect that they give.

This is not a concert film. We hear no composition, not even one movement, in its entirety. Sometimes we hear a piece being played in one place, continued in another, and continued further in still another. This is a documentary of a kind of life in music, not evangelism for the quartet literature, though it certainly leaves us hungry to hear more of the Guarneri.

Only a filmmaker who understands music and musicians could have made *High Fidelity*. Allan Miller was exactly the man for the job. He is a well-schooled musician who was once a conducting student of Hermann Scherchen and who has conducted various American orchestras. (Declaration: I knew him when he was music director of Channel 13 in New York and I was doing some work for the station.) Miller has long been concerned with the film and TV presentation of music, trying to avoid the clichés of long shots varied with close-ups of various instruments as they

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Do the Right Thing. *A black Brooklyn community, after a day of sweltering heat and neighborly doings, explodes in violence. Spike Lee wrote and directed with outstanding skills. (Reviewed 7/3/89)* **Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle.** *Eric Rohmer very close again to his past excellence. Four insights into two young Frenchwomen, presented with wit and subtlety. (8/28/89)* **sex, lies, and videotape.** *A discovery. Steven Soderbergh's first feature, about four young people in Baton Rouge, written and directed with a quiet mastery that makes it much larger than its story. (9/4/89)* **When Harry Met Sally . . .** *Attractive merchandise. Brisk dialogue and lively acting make this Manhattan comedy-romance glisten most of the time. (8/21/89)* **—SK**

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"It was an opportunity to do something meaningful for the kindergartners at McCare, the McDonnell Douglas child care center for employees' youngsters. The idea—which I got from a continuing education conference—was to have the children put on the opera called *Three Nanny Goats Gruff.*

We started out by learning all the songs. Then we built sets. And we even made up our own ending!

Everyone got into the act, including our program director who played the piano. It took everyone's efforts to put the opera together. But we did it. And the parents loved it!

Staging operas isn't exactly routine work for a kindergarten teacher, but it seemed like an idea the kids would like. And they did. The fun they had, the joy they got out of creating something together made the extra effort worth every minute."

—Leigh Ann Perry, Kindergarten Teacher, McCare Child Care Center, with Heidi Kehle, Program Director (at the piano)

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play prominent passages. He has made a number of films that cope with the difficulties, and this coping has led him to an interest in presenting musicians' lives on film.

When Isaac Stern went to China in 1979, more than 200,000 feet of 16mm film were shot of the tour. Miller and the editor Tom Haneke then spent a year editing that footage into *From Mao to Mozart*, which was outstanding as film and as character illumination. After some other work, Miller became interested in the Guarneri Quartet and followed them with his colleagues during some of the 1987-88 season. (The cinematography, by Dyanna Taylor, was done with loving candor.) Then again he spent a year with Haneke making a film out of the footage. The result is a delight.

Dozens of documentaries of differing quality have proved that subjects get used to the presence of a camera. If the camera hangs around long enough, the subjects pass through self-consciousness to semi-forgetfulness of the intrusive eye, to seeming forgetfulness combined with performance, to nearly complete forgetfulness. Good directors usually spare us the early stages and concentrate on the last or last two stages. Miller had more to rely on than his subjects' self-accommodation. The four players evidently knew that they were dealing with a director who thoroughly understood their profession, whom they could rely on to ask pertinent questions and make appropriate suggestions. How often is a documentary made by a competent filmmaker who is also truly conversant with the material of the film?

Very much a part of the world yet very different from it, the quartet is a sort of working oasis; a refuge but not a retreat; an ensemble made up of vivid individuals. The worst of it for us is that their life is no kind of example. How far can we apply in our own occupations what the Guarneri teaches us about a way to live?

If I'm on a cosmically directed voyage of reincarnations, I hope that the next time around I'm a string player with a Guarneri equivalent waiting for me. Any of the three instruments will do.

Goodbye to All That

BY FRANK KERMODE

Friends of Promise: Cyril Connolly and the World of Horizon by Michael Shelden

(Harper & Row, 254 pp., $24.95)

Long before he died in 1974, Cyril Connolly had grown accustomed to the idea that he would never produce a masterpiece, though he professed to believe that nothing else was worth writing. He must have expected to be admired and remembered for his other accomplishments: as the exponent of a certain upper-class *vie de bohème*, the representative of an obsolescent variety of literary polish and conversational wit; as a man with exceptionally interesting friends, wives, and mistresses; and as the founding and also the terminating editor of the magazine *Horizon*.

Michael Shelden's chief concern is with the decade of that journal's existence, of which he provides an authoritative history. But since *Horizon* was inseparable from the fabric of Connolly's life, and was the focus of his celebrity—it was, with all its faults, Connolly's central achievement—Shelden couldn't, even if he'd wanted to, withhold some account of the charms and the absurdities of the editor's private life. His book, therefore, can hardly help being amusing (the work keeps some of its old London, Noël Cowardish flavor), though it is less amusing than Barbara Skelton's extraordinary autobiography *Tears Before Bedtime*, in which the candid bedside mug shots of her "slothful whale of a husband" achieve a sort of outrageous and loving hilarity.

Shelden can afford to be a little less intimate than Skelton, but the figure under analysis is recognizably the same. In matters of business, as in private life, Connolly was charmingly selfish and incredibly unreliable, literally out to lunch most of the time, usually in expensive restaurants with somebody else paying. He rarely rose before noon, and was out or entertaining most evenings; he was constantly enjoying the sweet melancholy of competing and time-consuming amorous claims; he traveled in Europe, and later in America, whenever he could find somebody to pay for the trips. So it seems he had little enough time to spare for the *Horizon* office and the dull duties of an editor.

Such wanton behavior on the part of people who choose to edit little magazines is by no means unheard of (the stock example being Ford Madox Ford, who is supposed to have edited the *English Review*, an exceptionally important little magazine, in his music-hall box). It wouldn't work with a weekly, or perhaps even with a fortnightly, but a monthly publication might allow you to get away with a certain editorial *désinvolture*, as long as there were enough devoted women to do the office work. What the editor needed most was a wide and amiable acquaintance among writers and artists, plus something not so easily specified, and usually called, rather weakly, editorial flair.

Connolly had both. When the review became famous, and he along with it, a surprisingly large number of people felt unable to do without either of them. Meanwhile Connolly, who was easily bored, was often bored with the paper, as he was often bored with a woman, at least until he'd been separated from her for a while. The wonder is he didn't abandon *Horizon* long before he did in 1949, and then write it sad, petulant, and beautiful letters of longing and regret.

Of course, it was not enough to have a gifted editor; there also had to be somebody patient to pick up the tab. In the case of *Horizon*, this paragon was Peter Watson, a very rich, rather sad, and moderately exploitable patron. A long-suffering friend, he was after the war robbed of his fine collection of paintings, and eventually forced to give up his Paris apartment, by his drug-addicted homosexual lover. He died in 1956, a perfectly healthy man mysteriously drowned in his bath. Suspicion fell on another lover, but no case was made against him. That lover inherited most of Watson's large estate, but quite soon he died in his turn, drowned in his bath.

Watson was one of those people like James Pope-Hennessy who, whether willingly or not, inhabit more than one *bohème*, Connolly's kind and another one closer to Joe Orton's. His strange, introspective, and mostly melancholy life has not been well known, except to such friends as Sonia Brownell (who later married the dying Orwell) and Stephen Spender. No doubt the main reason for this neglect is that Watson was a modest and retiring man (he refused to have his name on the masthead of the paper, though he did much more for it than provide cash). But another reason for his obscurity may be that Connolly could be relied on to take any bows that were going. Shelden has illuminated Watson's

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life, which was not deficient in other good works. He helped found the Institute of Contemporary Arts, and to some extent internationalize British assumptions about the visual arts and music. He was in his way a notable patron, even, it has been said, "the last true patron of the arts."

But Shelden's title is justified by the inevitable dominance, center stage, of the editor himself. It was generally thought that December 1939 was a crazy moment to start a new magazine of the arts. There was a growing list of restrictions on all publications, writers were being drafted, and the eerily calm bewilderment of the phony war was confidently and rightly expected to give way to real terrors and privations. But somehow it turned out to be the right time. The insouciance of the paper and its editor, their dedication to an idea of civilized pleasure in art, even their general air of irresponsibility, made a strong appeal to far more people than Watson or even Connolly had expected.

Among the items of mail that I, and many others, irritably awaited in all the parts of the world into which our unwelcome duties impelled us, *Horizon* was almost the most desired. That was partly because it took so little direct notice of the war. Perhaps we made too much of it—there were certainly some dull issues; but it seemed to fill a need that nobody, and especially the bureaucrats, had foreseen. For most of its life *Horizon* could have had a far larger circulation if the government had allowed it enough paper. (The German occupation of Norway in April 1940 cut off 80 percent of Britain's supply of pulp.)

As Shelden remarks, one of Connolly's best ideas was to enlist his old schoolfriend George Orwell, who contributed essays that might at the time have struck other editors as bizarrely out of place—his essays on "Boys' Weeklies," "The Art of Donald McGill," and "Raffles and Miss Blandish." These pioneer investigations of popular culture appeared alongside poems by Auden and reproductions of work by Graham Sutherland and Lucien Freud, in a general atmosphere of highbrow art and criticism. Connolly himself, until he got bored, contributed a monthly editorial comment, often provocative, always written with that inlay of unexpected, slightly fantastic jokes and surprising locutions that give his style its undoubted though sometimes maddening distinction.

It wasn't what might be called an avant-garde journal. Connolly had no program, except to publish what pleased him. On a celebrated occasion he told an indignant contributor who had read a proof and wanted to know why his article wasn't published that the piece was good enough to set in type but not good enough to print. He more or less discovered Mary McCarthy, he recruited the young Clement Greenberg, and he published the memoirs of Augustus John: so there was no discernible pattern in *Horizon*. Still, it had the impress of the editor's personality and taste, and it had no successor. It was meant to satisfy Connolly, and it contrived to provide much more general satisfaction.

It would be only proper to credit Connolly with some courage; it was no joke living and working in London during the Blitz. Still, it is probably fair to add that it was his indifference to anything that interfered with the satisfaction of his own desires that kept the paper going. He also had some valuable friends in high places, Harold Nicolson, for instance, who could be persuaded, as so many could in other phases of his life, to give him what he wanted. At Eton, though lacking the good looks supposed to be an essential prerequisite for election to the elite group called Pop, Connolly got in by being famously witty and amusing. Later the charm continued to work in much the same way. It took a measure of social genius to be simultaneously friendly with Auden, Spender, and MacNeice on the one hand and with Evelyn Waugh on the other. Waugh, who was later very satirical about all these writers, allowed Connolly to devote a whole number of the magazine to *The Loved One*, and eagerly dined at Connolly's apartment, because he enjoyed the cooking of the current mistress. One understands why Anthony Powell says of Connolly that "there was undoubtedly something hypnotic about him."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The editing of *Horizon*, with all the subplots of friendships and love affairs that were based on the office, makes a fascinating story. One aspect of it that may strike modern writers as belonging to an entirely different period is the availability of rather splendid and incredibly cheap accommodation in a London that was nightly losing a proportion of its housing, splendid or not. These people lived their charmed lives in a city that no longer exists, on incomes that would nowadays hardly allow them to eat more grandly than in fast-food joints; but we find them in all but the very best restaurants, accompanied by their infinitely obliging women. The story and its milieu are competently reconstructed by Shelden from an ample collection of letters and papers, and from the stories of nostalgic informants. It is a genuine piece of cultural history.

Some of the names that recur are of people still living and more or less famous. Some that at the time seemed like-

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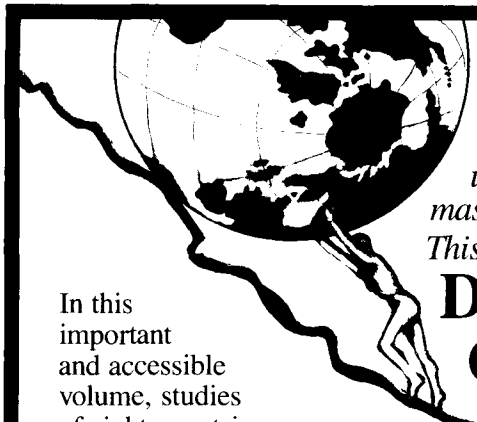

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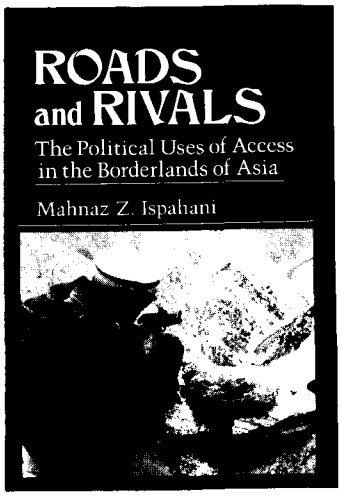

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ly to become important—Anna Kavan, for example—have more or less disappeared from view. Connolly himself achieved great celebrity with the publication of *The Unquiet Grave*, greatly admired by Hemingway and also by Edmund Wilson, and certainly one of the strangest war books ever written. Published in 1,000 copies in 1944, it purported to be by "Palinurus," though the identity of the author was hardly a secret. Palinurus was Aeneas's pilot. One night he fell asleep, and disappeared overboard; reaching the shore, he was murdered by savages. Aeneas met him on his visit to the underworld, when Palinurus asked to be properly buried, worried that he had only an unquiet grave. This ancient hero, a skillful failure, fascinated Connolly, who published under the name of Palinurus an account of opportunities refused, of women pursued, caught, and lost—a series of poignant, silvery, self-pitying meditations on his life and culture, on his beautiful failures that made success seem vulgar.

Wilson's approval was understandable. Connolly once described Wilson as "a passionate, sensual Johnsonian polymath," and Shelden remarks, quite wrongly I think, that the expression could equally well be applied to Connolly. There are vast differences between the men, not only in their approaches to polymathy, but in the character of their sensuality, as readers of Wilson's notebooks and journals, and Barbara Skelton's book, or indeed *The Unquiet Grave* itself, should see at a glance.

Connolly's book, once it was republished in an unlimited edition, succeeded in the United States as well as in England. When the war was over he visited the States, edited a remarkably percipient "American" issue, and was feted to the point of delighted exhaustion in New York. Americans appeared not to resent his famous appeal for relief from postwar life in Britain, that infamous American Begging Bowl, introduced with the slogan "too long a sacrifice can make a stone of the heart," and demanding all manner of food, especially peach-fed hams. Americans had been sending the British food parcels for years, but now, victims of that celebrated charm, they came through with more.

Connolly was one of those writers whose bright ideas for a book—an exquisite study of Flaubert, a travel book about southwest France—fade once the advance is spent and the region is luxuriously visited. The books he actually published were largely collections of reviews. They are intelligent, flighty, and charming, but he knew that it was not for

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them that he would be valued. One of his books is called *Enemies of Promise*, and his was a promise that was all too vulnerable to hedonism, and to a kind of sweet, half-amorous melancholy. It was almost by accident that Connolly became the most influential figure in English writing in the 1940s. He gave it a coloring derived from a former time, from the world of Waugh's early novels, and Anthony Powell's, with a dash of Elizabeth Bowen—upper-class refinement, a rather weary vice, a snobbishness at once appealing and appalling. It was remarkable that such a coloring could survive that awful decade, but it did. It has still not quite faded, though doubtless it will soon be gone for good, like Connolly's own taste for the refinements of Latin poetry, for the high pleasures of Paris, for women who are both intelligent and submissive.

It is so long since most writers had the necessary education, or could afford the pleasures and find the women, that if they were made available we should hardly know what to do with them. But looking at my own battered, surviving copies of *Horizon*, I remember that among the myths that animated me in those years was that perhaps someday I should possess and know how to value that *douceur de vie*, even if it meant being rather deliciously sad for quite a lot of the time. If anybody enjoys it now, he or she doesn't edit a literary journal, and almost certainly has very little interest in what used to be called, in all innocence, literature.

FRANK KERMODE's most recent book, *An Appetite for Poetry*, has just been published by Harvard University Press.

The Unquiet Graves

BY ROBERT CONQUEST

Let History Judge: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism revised and expanded edition by Roy Medvedev edited and translated by George Shriver

(Columbia University Press, 903 pp., $57.50)

Roy Medvedev's book was first published in samizdat, a lone precursor of truth in the Soviet Union, when the facts about the Stalinist terror were still suppressed. Now the English version of this new edition (superbly edited by George Shriver) appears when the extent and the impact of that terror are documented daily in scores of Soviet journals, though they are still played down by a few in the West. Medvedev's book is primarily an unrivaled source of facts about the Stalin period. It is important to register the courage and the stamina, the bulldog determination to seek out these facts, that have marked Medvedev's career.

This is all the more remarkable when we consider that Medvedev was, and is, a Marxist and a Leninist. Before dealing with his achievement in the realm of factual truth, we must note that many of us would reject many of his political views and ideological opinions out of hand. Indeed, he sometimes seems to find himself caught in contradictions, when ideology and humanity conflict.

As Medvedev stated in the original edition of *Let History Judge*, he is not, strictly speaking, a historian. The book divides into a historical introduction to Stalinism; then the record of the terror, the book's crucial section; then a section that analyzes at length various theories about the reasons for the terror; and a general historical conclusion. The section on the facts of the terror is his true monument. It is the repository of the real research he has done, which includes, in this expanded edition, new material, richer detail, which further reinforces his conclusions. (No book is flawless, of course. Medvedev catches me out in an error—the famous Ryutin Platform did not circulate "widely" in leading circles, as I wrote in *The Great Terror*—and I have found the odd error in *Let History Judge*—about E. G. Evdokimov's and G. M. Lyushkov's careers, for example. Nor is Medvedev always fair or sensible about other writers.)

Medvedev's chapters on Stalin's early career in the Party, on his personal life and his political character, are as good as anything that has been done on this subject (except, perhaps, the work of Robert Tucker, to whom the author refers approvingly). But as they merge into a political history of the early years of the Soviet regimes, and again in the long last section of the book, we are landed in a Marxist-Leninist schematism. "Stalin took an incorrect position" carries the tone. More profoundly, there is an assumption that the Bolsheviks had to do various unpleasant things, since otherwise they would have lost power; or again, that if they had held free elections in 1921, they would have been defeated. But why shouldn't Russia's Communists have lost power? Hungary's Communists have accepted the prospect in principle. Poland's Communists are beginning perhaps to accept it in practice.

Many Soviet writers now do not justify the Nazi-Soviet pact. Medvedev takes it to have been politically unavoidable. And in the areas newly annexed in 1939, "besides a few real enemies of the proletariat," such as "reactionary politicians," he notes that "thousands of completely innocent people were repressed." That means, in Stalinese, that it is perfectly all right to "repress" people if they are anti-Communist. Then, on the great theme of the current faults of the Soviet Union, "In the socialist phase there also exist social evils that have nothing to do with socialism, they represent remnants and vestiges of previous class societies in this previously repulsive form."

But this dogmatism is balanced by another strain—for example, in Medvedev's treatment of collectivization. He condemns, of course, the murderous Stalinist version of the policy. But he argues that the idea of collectivization was sound in principle, from the standpoint of socialism; and that the struggle against the kulaks was a necessary part of it. Elsewhere he suggests quite the contrary, that by the beginning of Stalin's collectivization the "kulaks" had long since ceased to exist as a class.

I disagree with Medvedev's opinions. But opinions are unimportant in comparison with the search for the truth in good faith. Gibbon said of the French ecclesiastical historian Tillemont that he was sunk in "bigotry," but that he was nevertheless an "incomparable guide" replete with "erudition, diligence, veracity, and scrupulous minuteness." Medvedev, too, usually makes the distinction between fact and theory, between evidence and interpretation, perfectly clear. And he insists that the bad things done by the Bolsheviks, however "necessary," should not be called good things. "Nor is Leninism by any account the last word in the political and social sciences," he writes. He urges a "legal opposition."

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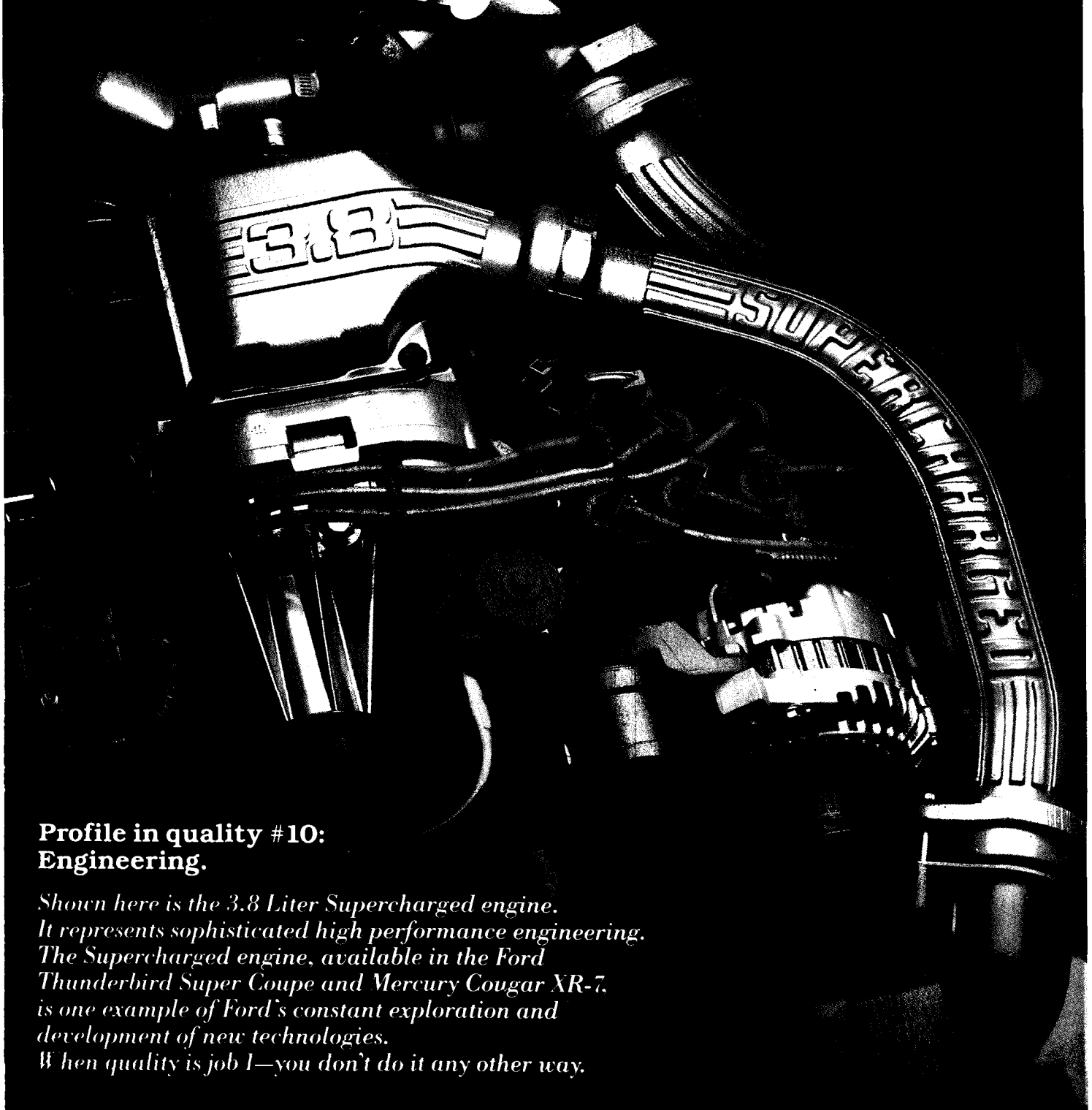

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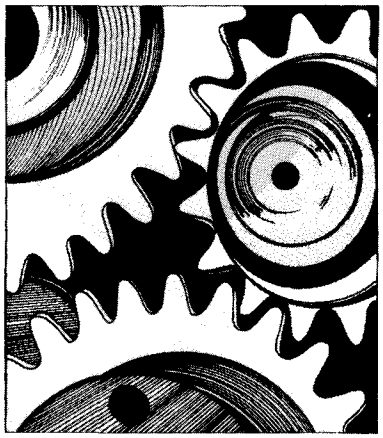

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He argues that socialism must be combined with democracy. Again, there is his characteristic contradiction between ideology and truth, between ideology and decency.

Medvedev's great contribution is on the extent and the impact of Stalin's terror. In one of the many dramatic passages in his book, Medvedev tells us that "the average number of prisoners in the Soviet Union in 1941-42 was approximately equal to the number of soldiers on active duty in the army. At that time the loss of people in the East and the West [that is, in labor camps and at the front] was also approximately equal." In his book, he is not more precise; but he has recently, and on several occasions, given the figure of 20 million dead, and a further 20 million surviving labor camps and exile.

Most other Soviet commentators have accepted those figures, but no overall official number has so far emerged; and there are still some doubts in the West. We must look, therefore, at particular components in order to arrive at a responsible estimate of the whole of the casualty list.

In 1930-33 there occurred the terror against the peasantry. Stalin himself said, in 1933, that 15 percent of pre-collectivization households—"Kulak and better off"—belonged to the past: that is, approximately 20 million peasants. About a quarter of them escaped deportation; and, as Vladimir Tikhonov, one of the Soviet Union's leading agricultural academicians, now states clearly, "over 15 million" were removed—two million "directed into industry," and the rest, more than 13 million, deported to the Arctic and elsewhere. Dumped in the frozen wilderness, about three million died.

In 1931-32, in Central Asia, the nomad Kazakhs were rounded up and settled to farm on unfarmable land. There is no dispute that at least one million died.

In 1932-33 came the terror-famine in the Ukraine, North Caucasus, and Lower Volga. This was due not to lack of food, but to the requisitioning of food down to the last grain of wheat. Medvedev estimates the dead at five million to eight million, adding "the latter is probably closer to the truth." My own estimate was seven million. (In a revealing piece of fatuousness, Jerry Hough has recently argued that there was no "famine," since no one died of hunger in those pre-penicillin days, they merely contracted diseases when they weakened . . .)

Thus, the death toll for the years 1930-33 was approximately ten million to 11 million. But this can be checked against a gross figure. The suppressed census of January 1937 is now quoted in all Soviet sources as implying a population deficit of at least 15 to 16 million. We will probably never have a rigorous accounting of the proportion of that disappeared population which represents a deficit of births, since records ceased to be kept in the famine areas in the late fall of 1932. But from comparable periods it seems that the deficit of births can hardly have been higher than four to five million. In this manner, too, we reach the figure of more than ten million dead for 1930-33; and, as we saw, another ten million surviving peasants remained in exile or imprisonment.

Then there occurred, of course, the Great Terror of 1937-38. About those years it was possible to estimate, well before the illuminations of *glasnost*, that approximately seven million to eight million arrests took place. It may be instructive to note a few of the dozens of precious, early sources. (1) Alexander Weissberg, the physicist, in jail in Kharkov from March 1937 to February 1939, was able to calculate the intake of the prison from a number of indications, such as the numbering of receipts given prisoners for goods confiscated on arrest. The figure, confirmed elsewhere, was five percent to five-and-a-half percent of the population of the catchment area. This would put the total arrests at more than eight million. (2) The secret "State Plan for the Development of the National Economy of the U.S.S.R. in 1941" became available after World War II, and it provided a picture of part of the NKVD-controlled labor force. Allowing for sections omitted, S. Swianiewicz made an estimate of just under seven million in labor camps that year. (3) David J. Dallin and Boris I. Nicolaevsky, in an extremely thorough analysis of the labor camp system they made as early as 1948, were able, from multifarious firsthand sources—thousands of ex-prisoners, ex-prison officials, and others—to estimate a minimum of eight million for 1940-41.

It will be seen that the figures are not identical. Nor do they apply to quite the same periods. But the approximate conclusions are obvious. A recent Soviet figure, giving exact numbers of political arrests in the Kursk Province in 1935-37, again implies (if we add 1938) that about eight million were arrested in the Soviet Union in 1937-38.

As to the number executed in 1937-38, Medvedev provides an exact figure from NKVD archives: 353,680 death sentences in 1937, implying (since the second year of the terror was as lethal as the first) that in 1937-38 some 600,000 in all were sentenced to death. This accords

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roughly with Zbigniew Brzezinski's research in the 1950s, which gave the proportion of notified death sentences reported by relatives of accused as about ten percent of the total. But a large number of executions were not so reported, being recorded as "ten years without the right of correspondence." All those identified in the Vinitsa mass graves, which were originally discovered during the German occupation and are now admitted to have been the site of NKVD killings, had such a sentence. (The same is true of the more recently excavated graves at Kuropaty.) So the figure of 600,000 needs to be significantly increased. (Hough, however, is sticking to his freak number of 75,000-200,000.)

In any case, all accounts agree that less than ten percent of those arrested survived, whether they died by bullets or cold or hunger. It is worth recording the most recent figures published in the Soviet Union. Sergo Mikoyan, the son of the veteran Politburo member who was Stalin's colleague, records from his father's memoirs that in Khrushchev's time the leadership obtained from the KGB the information that from January 1, 1935, to June 22, 1941, there were just under 20 million arrests, and seven million deaths. Our estimates may yet turn out to be too low.

In the period following the Great Terror, until Stalin's death in 1953, millions flowed into the camps to replace those dying. In 1952, as all Soviet accounts now agree, there were 12 million in the gulag. And there were operations not included in camp figures, such as the ethnic deportees of 1943-45, which involved two-and-a-half million, of whom more than a million died in transit or in the desert "settlements." However one reckons, the number of deaths for the period 1937-53 can hardly be less than ten million, which seems low; nor were the surviving prisoners and deportees less than 12 million.

Thus we arrive at a working estimate of 20-plus million dead and 20-plus million more imprisoned or deported. These figures accord with Medvedev's estimates. They are, as Stephen Cohen points out, "conservative." They are hard, especially for the non-Soviet reader, to accept. So are the non-numerical facts that are now fully established. But there remains a remnant of hopefuls who still refuse to face them, who have no understanding of the possibilities of history, no grasp of the nature of historical evidence.

Apart from Stalinists, few would have argued against Medvedev's general thesis, until lately. It is impossible, of course, to make the old case for Stalin.

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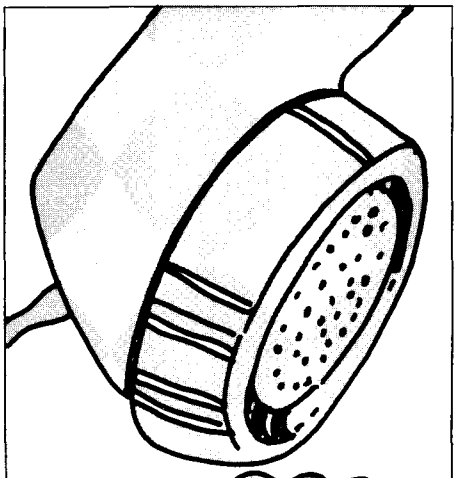

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The best that can be done is to argue that Stalinism was not as bad as all that. In the mid-1980s, with singularly bad timing, there appeared a rash of articles in historical journals and books published by previously reputable presses carrying this theme. (In fairness I note that Hough had been pushing this line for years.) The argument is that the view of Stalinism taken by previous investigators like myself, and Medvedev, and Cohen, and almost every serious European or American scholar, was wrong. Yes, there was a terror of sorts in Stalin's time, but not much of one. According to the revisionists, the figures reported or deduced by Western, Yugoslav, Menshevik, and samizdat sources, including ex-prisoners and ex-officials, were enormously exaggerated, or false; and Soviet reports dating from the Stalin period should, on the whole, be accepted. Not many people were frightened in those years, and the others were frightened only temporarily. The really important developments of the period were social changes, and changes in state and Party personnel.

But of course the very nature of the new ruling personnel was determined by the circumstances of its rise—the "negative selection," as Soviet writers now put it, which produced a cadre noted mainly for servility and cruelty. And since, in Medvedev's words, the new men were "less experienced, less reliable, less educated," we can see what qualities Stalinism required and attracted. As to the complaint that the emphasis on the terror directs attention away from social change, the killing and the imprisonment of tens of millions of people is also a social change.

The massive revelations in the Soviet Union over the past two years have, or should have, defeated these revisionists; and most of them have all but abandoned the field. They have left a mephitic smoke screen to cover their retreat, however, in the form of Alexander Cockburn's outpourings. Some months ago Cockburn wrote a rancid piece in the *Nation* attacking those—Medvedev, Cohen, myself—who hold that the death toll of Stalinism was about, or more than, 20 million. The lower the casualties, you see, the less devastating Stalinism appears. Cockburn claimed that people like Medvedev would write anything to "get into the papers" in the Soviet Union. In a letter in reply, which was published after a four-month delay, I noted that this was a singularly mean thing to say about a man who had not been published in his own country for 20 years, especially coming from such an accomplished getter-into-the-papers. I pointed out, too, that a whole series of articles in Soviet journals by Soviet experts was confirmation of, or consonant with, the figure of 20 million.

Cockburn finds it hard to understand the present mood in the Soviet Union among those, like Medvedev, who concern themselves with the truth about the past. He used those four months to prepare a curious diatribe, in which a mishmash of ill-understood jottings from revisionist lore was combined with the accusation that those who accept the figures given by Medvedev are purveyors of Nazi falsifications.

In my own case, he argued that in the Foreign Office between 1948 and 1956 I was employed in the manufacture of anti-Soviet falsifications, which I later had the impertinence to publish with Praeger in New York. (This Soviet Studies Series is readily available. All Cockburn has to do is find a falsification in its array of factual material.) Next, he writes that from that time I was deeply involved in the worst sort of Ukrainian émigré circles. In fact, I had no connection with Ukrainians, and little interest in the Ukraine, until my work for *The Harvest of Sorrow*, which appeared in 1985; this is, again, a matter of public record, since the Ukraine hardly appears in my many earlier books on the Soviet Union. The casualty estimates that I made in 1968-72 were based almost entirely on non-Ukrainian sources. Finally, Cockburn argues that *The Harvest of Sorrow*, on the terror against the peasantry, was based on Ukrainian nationalist Nazi falsifiers. Well, since factual material about the sufferings of the peasants was not then available in the Soviet Union, I did indeed rely on émigrés, many of them Ukrainian. But almost exactly similar stories from non-émigrés are now appearing in the Soviet press. And if the book is a piece of Ukrainian Nazi propaganda, it is a little surprising that parts of it are appearing in leading journals in Moscow—*Novy Mir*, *Voprosy Istorii*, *Druzhba Narodov*—which are not merely Soviet, but Russian.

Those who argued for many years that the Stalinist and Brezhnevite regimes were founded on falsification, historical and otherwise, have now been totally vindicated. The massive outpouring of facts under *glasnost* has confirmed our views. And Soviet thought is generous enough to admit it. Western work (unless it is the work of revisionists) is welcomed not merely on intellectual grounds, but also on moral grounds. My book *The Great Terror*, for example, is appearing, almost in its entirety, in the important Leningrad journal *Neva*, on the grounds that (in the words of its editor, Boris Nikolsky, who is also a Peoples

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IS RELIGION JUST FOR THE IGNORANT?

In many intellectual circles the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Simone Weil, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

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Deputy) "the management of the journal *Neva* strives to promote the creation of a legal state and the deepening of democracy in our society." It is for much the same reason, of course, that Medvedev is having a huge success in Moscow, if not in New York.

It would be too much to hope that as Cockburn sinks without a trace, he will drag the Houghs and the others with him. Perhaps the mass graves being opened almost weekly in the Soviet Union will soon destroy even the tattered remnants of the revisionist case. Intellectually, Western students of this grim matter may be reasonably satisfied with the outcome. But apologies are still due to Medvedev and his colleagues, and to the Soviet peoples who suffered on this unthinkable scale.

A new textbook on the history of the Soviet Union, written for the upper level of the Soviet secondary schools (the tenth grade), has just appeared. It says that, according to "preliminary estimates," some 40 million people were "repressed" under Stalin. There are three possible explanations for this: that Soviet historians will do anything to get into the textbooks; or that the conspiracy of falsification has penetrated even more deeply than has been supposed; or that they are right.

ROBERT CONQUEST is the author most recently of *Stalin and the Kirov Murder* (Oxford University Press).

Only Connect

BY MARY JO SALTER

Nice Work by David Lodge

(Viking, 277 pp., $18.95)

What is nice work? According to Robyn Penrose, young, leftist, feminist, deconstructionist critic and badly paid lecturer at the University of Rummidge, nice work is "meaningful. It's rewarding. I don't mean in money terms. It would be worth doing even if one wasn't paid anything at all." Nice work if you can keep it: Margaret Thatcher's budget cuts in education may soon put Robyn and a lot of people like Robyn out of a job. In 1986, the penultimate year of her contract at Rummidge (fertile imaginary ground for David Lodge's other comic "campus novels," *Changing Places* and *Small World*), Robyn's full schedule of lecturing on the industrial novel and writing the book she hopes to publish and keep from perishing by, *Domestic Angels and Unfortunate Females*, is disrupted. It seems that 1986 has also been designated Industry Year, and Robyn finds herself assigned to participate in a "Shadow Scheme" (as only the British would think to call it) aimed at helping those in academia and in industry to understand each other. She'll be spending ten precious Wednesdays dogging the heels of the equally unwilling Vic Wilcox, managing director of J. Pringle and Sons Casting and General Engineering, and observing him at his well-paid but (in her eyes) not very nice work at the factory.

A contrived setup, of course. But to ask Lodge not to set contrivances and one impossible coincidence after another into motion would be to put him, too, out of a job. And we wouldn't want that: here is one of the funniest, cleverest novelists around, who within his deftly plotted satire/fantasy/romances manages to get real life down with an admirable niceness. The Lodge novel this new one most closely shadows is *Changing Places*, in which Philip Swallow, timid, low-level Rummidge lecturer and heretofore faithful husband, briefly exchanges jobs—and then wives—with Morris Zapp, philanderous, famous, outrageous professor at Euphoric State University. (Euphoria is, on Lodge's map, a state of the union squeezed between Northern and Southern California, but it is also a recurrent image for life in the United States—land of central heating, freshly squeezed orange juice, and large salaries.)

In *Nice Work* we have, again, two characters who could not be more unlike: decent, uneducated Vic Wilcox, who has striven all his life to earn the appurtenances of success (including a Jaguar, a four-bathroom house, an ever-shopping, Valium-popping wife he can't rouse himself to touch anymore, and three idle children), and tough, intellectual, and deliberately unmarried Robyn Penrose. And once again the antagonists arrive, ruefully but amusingly, at an understanding of sorts. Unlike Philip Swallow and Morris Zapp, they can't swap wives, but I leave it to you to discover how and to what degree they connect. Be forewarned: Robyn doesn't believe in love. To her, it's "a rhetorical device. A bourgeois fallacy." As for passion—well, she and her live-in, live-out academic boyfriend, Charles, are more moved by the pleasures of the text than of the sexed. When they do go to bed, it's for an ideologically correct, "non-phallic" massage session. Vic, on the other hand, is in his own quite unforgettable words "a phallic sort of bloke."

Perhaps the best way of explaining how Robyn and Vic unite in this novel is to say that it's the sort of book that each of them would like to read. That's no small thing, when you consider that Vic hasn't read much of anything in years (when Robyn suggests *Daniel Deronda*, Vic asks, "What did he write?"). If a good teacher like Robyn could lead him to *Nice Work*, though, Vic would be entertained by its page-turning pace and unpretentious delivery. And he would be impressed by the respect that Lodge shows for the real world by recording the details of business transactions as if they matter, say, or by taking us on a loud, gritty tour of the J. Pringle factory. (Robyn's response to her tour—"But the noise . . . the dirt!"—reveals an ignorance of industry as comprehensive as Vic's of literature. Her cozy image of factories derives from TV documentaries in which "brisk operators in clean overalls" turn out goods "to the accompaniment of Mozart on the sound track.") Vic would appreciate, too, that although romance doesn't exactly bloom in this novel, Lodge never rules out "the power of love"—a phrase from one of the mushy pop songs Vic secretly adores.

For her part, Robyn probably wouldn't have the sense of humor to laugh at her parodic namesake, but she'd have to admit that since, as she's said herself, the very idea of "character" in a novel is "a bourgeois myth, an illusion created to reinforce the ideology of capitalism," Lodge has been clever in fleshing out the tacky capitalist Vic as a sympathetic and idiosyncratic man, while leaving Robyn Penrose mostly as a type—risen, as her surname suggests, from the pen. Having herself penned *The Industrious Muse: Narrativity and Contradiction in the Industrial Novel*, Robyn would have to concede, too, that the industrial novel *Nice Work* is full of meaty contradictions in its narrativity. For Robyn has learned by now not just to read books but to "deconstruct the texts, to probe the gaps and absences

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in them, to uncover what they are *not* saying, to expose their ideological bad faith, to cut a cross-section through the twisted strands of their semiotic codes and literary conventions."

To do that is, for all his dead-on satire at Robyn's expense, exactly what Lodge mischievously asks of the readers of *Nice Work*. (The sneakiness actually begins with the title, in which Lodge not-so-subliminally invites his reviewers to throw the phrase back at him as praise.) The author of four books of literary criticism, including one called *Working with Structuralism*, Lodge seems to believe just as deeply as Robyn that "every text is a product of intertextuality, a tissue of allusions to and citations of other texts." He makes his own novels as densely, intentionally intertextual as any I know, by a myriad of techniques—not just allusions and citations, but also pastiches and parodies and puns.

The names of characters may be wholly invented, to suggest personality (Morris Zapp has more zip), but they're never pulled from a hat. More often they're pulled from the file cards of English literature. Lodge relishes alluding to his own texts, too. In summoning up for appearances in *Nice Work* our cross-cultural friends Philip Swallow and Morris Zapp, Lodge can indirectly remind us that Vic and Robyn hail from such different worlds within Thatcher's England that they hardly even seem compatriots. Driving to Vic's factory in West Wallsbury, which is "on the dark side of Rummidge, unknown to those who basked in the light of culture and learning at the University," Robyn the shadow feels that she may as well be on another planet; the town is "scored with . . . obsolete canals like the lines on Mars."

In one of his epigraphs (*Nice Work*'s chapters are littered with epigraphs, each a clue in a scavenger hunt for meaning) Lodge locates in Benjamin Disraeli's *Sybil: or, The Two Nations* a country whose division seems familiar: "Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets." Written against the background of the Chartist Movement of the 1830s and demands for workers' rights, *Sybil* is one of the novels Robyn lectures on with something of a tunnel vision, not seeing its contemporary applications. We overhear her as the lecture moves from *Sybil* to Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*, published in 1849, which also concerns the rights of workers in an increasingly mechanized age: "Though set at the time of the Napoleonic wars," Robyn tells her students, "its treatment of the Luddite riots is clearly an oblique comment on more topical events." "Clearly an oblique"—delicious academic oxymoron; and Robyn's lecture is just as clearly Lodge's oblique comment on the human implications of shaking up inefficient universities and industries in the Britain of 1986.

Readers of *Nice Work* who haven't read *Shirley* will nonetheless find plenty of other layers of allusion to peel back from its deceptively thin surface. There are so many of these, in fact, that each of us is bound to miss a few (or a lot). But as an example of how Lodge operates, one might pause over *Shirley* to note how fruitfully he borrows from it. Both Brontë's and Lodge's books are concerned not only with workers' but with women's rights, and both offer heroines masculine names. (Shirley was a man's name in 19th-century England.) When not blessed with the son they wanted, Shirley's parents, as she explains, "gave me a man's name; I hold a man's position; it is enough to inspire me with a touch of manhood." That feisty voice could belong to Robyn, whose name—when spelled Robin—is nearly always reserved for men in 20th-century England.

Robyn's impressive title, and a misspelling in correspondence, delude Vic into expecting a male Dr. Robin Penrose to shadow him. When a highly attractive, if unprovocatively dressed, young woman shows up at the office instead, both Robyn and Vic have to endure nudges and lewd innuendos from his coworkers. ("Why should a woman's friendliness be suspect?" Brontë's heroine had demanded. "Is civilized association between men and women never possible?") Society at J. Pringle seems, indeed, not much advanced beyond the 19th century. Most of the workers and all of the executives are men, girlie calendars line the walls, Vic's bosomy secretary feels proud to be promoting her 17-year-old daughter as a photographic (read pornographic) model, and . . . Wait a minute, Vic's secretary's name is Shirley!

Robyn doesn't make the connection, but we do. Typically, Lodge twists parallels into contradictions. Hold up his Shirley, who is taken regularly in adulterous passion on the reception room sofa, against Brontë's Shirley, who turns down a suitor because "Before I marry, I am resolved to esteem—to admire—to *love*." Or compare that heroine's philosophy ("Before I marry" reassures us that she will do so eventually, as characters in

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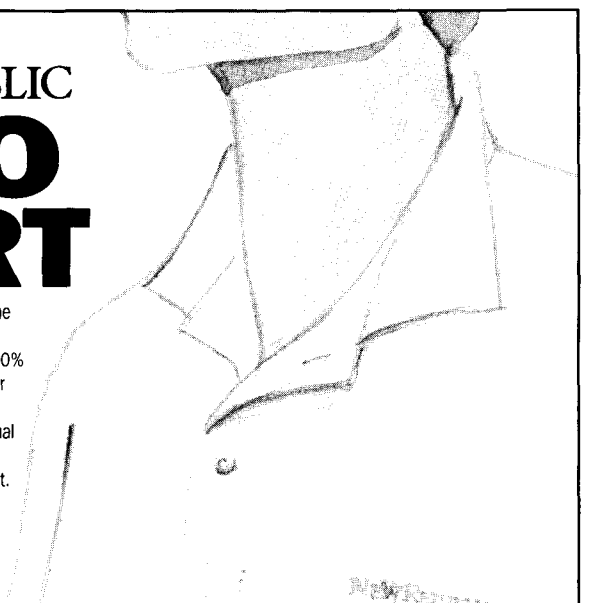

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novels are supposed to do) with Robyn's, which rejects the very ideas of character, of marriage, and of love.

ONLY CONNECT, as a T-shirt worn by Robyn's student Marion reads. And Marion makes some connections, too. Much like the daughter of Vic's secretary, she models underwear and delivers "kissograms." It's a sideline that makes her, by a strange turn of events, the only person to have observed both Robyn and Vic in their otherwise wholly unconnected places of work. *Only connect*—yes, that was E. M. Forster's repeated injunction in *Howards End*, that great novel in which the articulate intellectuals, who inherit money, and the inarticulate capitalists, who make it, form two separate nations. Helen was the first of the two clever Schlegel sisters to attempt a rapprochement between the nations by falling in love with both house and inhabitants at Howards End: "She liked being told that her notions of life were sheltered or academic; New Equality was nonsense, Votes for Women nonsense, Socialism nonsense, Art and Literature, except when conducive to strengthening the character, nonsense." But it is Margaret Schlegel, who, through her eventual, unlikely inheritance of Howards End, begins to connect money, "the warp of civilization," to "whatever the woof may be."

The harmony Margaret effects takes a form conventional to novels: marriage. We know what Robyn would say about that. She gives her own relationship to Vic Wilcox a fancy academic name: "An aporia. A pathless path. It led nowhere." But does it? Only connect . . . Whom did Margaret Schlegel marry? Yes, Henry *Wilcox*, and maybe, rather than marrying Robyn off to Vic Wilcox, we should be connecting the two Wilcoxes, Henry and Vic, who deserve most of the credit for keeping England on any sort of path at all. And maybe we should be tracing, too, what Lodge seems to think has happened between the sexes since *Howards End*: if in the 1920s women had the greater talent for "personal relations," as Forster called it, in the 1980s it's the men who are more likely to declare their love. But there is an ultimate connection between Robyn and Vic, a happy one, and in it money flows in unpredicted, inspiring directions.

If the way *Shirley* feeds into *Howards End* seems hopelessly (or gleefully) convoluted, it's no more so than the artful knotting of allusions and conventions Lodge achieves in *Small World*. That book was a marvel not least because it found, within its extraordinary playfulness, ways to break our hearts. I was enthralled by the story of Philip Swallow's one great love affair: after nearly dying in an airplane crash, in the same evening he wordlessly beds a married woman he has just met (impossibly, perfectly, named Joy), who then herself dies in an airplane crash, only to be resurrected later from that mistaken newspaper report, to be won once more and then lost. It couldn't be less believable, and yet we are moved by it, even feel wiser for it as we do after hearing fairy tales.

Nothing as touching as that happens in *Nice Work*, which is—thanks to the deliberately less than lovable figure of Robyn—shorter on human feeling, darker and colder, than the novels Lodge is best known for. Both Robyn and Vic, to be sure, are provided with plenty of amusing aperçus. "Life was short, criticism long," Robyn reflects; or, reading a too-optimistic article on Britain's economy in the *Daily Mail*, Vic admits that "you only have to drive through the West Midlands to see that if we are in the Super-League of top industrial nations, somebody must be moving the goalposts." Given Lodge's flair for invention, though, one is surprised occasionally to encounter flat phrasing or imagery, as when "young girls in their bright summer dresses" are "sprouting like crocuses in the warm sunshine."

If no one would call Lodge a great stylist of the sentence, he is pure dazzling style, book after book, in his fusion of form and content. The final chapter of *Changing Places* changes genres: just as Philip Swallow is observing that life for the young in 1969 is not a novel but a film, Lodge's novel turns into a screenplay. *Small World* winds up with an MLA conference, at a lecture on romance and epic by the beautiful Angelica, object of this novel's romance. When Persse McGarrigle, the hero who has been seeking her at literary conferences all over the world, gets her into bed at the end, he parts her thighs "like the leaves of a book." Only, oh no, it isn't the end after all, because she isn't Angelica, because this is a case of mistaken identity, because this is a romance, and romance, as Angelica has just explained in her lecture, has multiple climaxes.

Naturally, when characters get moved around as pieces in such literary games, they can't often achieve much flesh and blood solidity. But Lodge can also play his characters straight when he chooses—as is especially clear in his 1970 novel *Out of the Shelter*, which has just been published here as part of Viking/Penguin's plan to issue the whole list of Lodge's books, some of them for the first time in America. *Out of the Shelter* is, by Lodge's own admission in an afterword, the most autobiographical of his novels, and probably also the most conventional and earnest—a bildungsroman of the aptly named Timothy Young. We meet him in lower-middle-class London at age five, as he watches a friend die in the Blitz and tries to make sense of the war. Here Lodge makes an uncharacteristic stylistic error, recording Timothy's thoughts with a too-faithful, plodding simplicity, so that we feel we're not so much under a child's skin as within the pages of a children's book: "Everybody liked Mr. Churchill, and they called him Winnie, which was usually a girl's name, but was short for Winston. Churchill was head of the British and Roosevelt was head of the Americans and Stalin was head of the Russians . . ." After 50 or so pages of this, Timothy mercifully arrives at his teens, and thereafter subtlety deepens.

The novel focuses on 16-year-old Timothy's three-week visit to Germany, where his sister Kath works for the American occupying forces. There's a callousness about the American heroes, who have money to burn on food and drink and dancing (all of which the fun-starved English boy, living on rations at home, laps up) but no time to notice the devastation and the poverty of the country they have helped to conquer. Ambivalent feelings toward the Americans lead Timothy to jettison some tenets of his moral universe, without knowing what to replace them with.

How is he to weigh, for instance, his sympathy for individual Germans he meets against the enormity of the Nazis' crimes, and the sacrifices his own countrymen have made? Maybe, as Timothy's one sensitive American friend, a grad student named Don, says, "History is the

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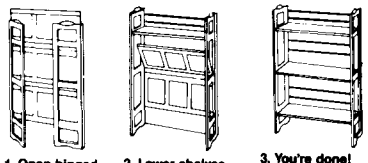

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The Machines

There is the romance of naive technology
in the tree itself. Though it's hardly a machine,
the looped cords, alligator clips and sockets festooning it
add to the exotic glimmer of shaggy nature set inside.
In pockets of shadow, pine scent and orange glow
a numinous pleasure—bathed in nostalgia, it's true,
yet founded, at least for those too young to remember candles,
on the flickering tungsten stem in the painted bulb.
Treats of electricity: reflectors, bubble lamps,
and in the old-fashioned department store displays
those dwarf automatons. Waiting in line
for Santa's Workshop with his fidgety two-year-old
a man imitates the charming repetitive gestures
of the helpers—this elf picking up a letter,
that one sawing, taking brownies from a smoking toy oven,
playing the violin—small acts that are like ours but not quite,
enticing in their similitude and mechanical regularity
like the set of a dozen prints of the kids posed on Santa's lap.

Things That Go. When Teddy and I leaf through his picture book
at bedtime, browsing among the variations
on cars, trucks, planes and digging machines,
each with its specified function and well-chosen animal crew,
we move through a storehouse of metamorphoses:
the steam shovel wearing a dinosaur grin, a warty
pickle van, a shark car for the freeways
driven by a ferret. If he is ready to jump in
and "make them go," his desire is fueled
not by surprise—he knows what all these are—
but by the familiar, continuously re-animated
and peeking out from behind its protean veil.
A carefully bounded abundance, as in a big store
full of gizmos: the small machines in Gifts,
the larger ones (Appliances) that become part of your house,
or Home Furnishings, where a dozen varieties of ceiling fan
paddle the air. Everywhere the insistent promises
of safe, inexhaustible potential. This is the premise
of the showroom: all the baroque techno-glitter
of the customizing imagination—heady, liberating
(take us for a ride!)—yet always under the hood
the unseen valves and pistons with their steady assuring beat.

An obvious delight in the giantism of previous eras.
The train worship of the nineteenth century—
what image is so forceful an analogy
of gritty power? It triumphs over its components,
riding on iron, across wood, above cinders,
converting mere lumps of coal to noise and speed.
Or consider those whirling turbines in thirties movies:
a new sleek cleanness here, a hum instead of a roar,
but the same homage to scale—low-angle shots
of the great dams, jump-suited technicians
on far-off catwalks—and the same child-like pride.

Look, we have made this. It is so much bigger than ourselves,
yet simple. The huge constructions flatter us
because they're intelligible. Like games that effortlessly reduce
history to a deck of cards, a city to a board
we hover over, a famous battalion of soldiers
to toys we can line up across the tabletop.

Here is the classic humanoid fantasy
where all comes clear at last: Mr. Machine.
Inside his see-through casing, the innards buzz
and whirl: lighted tubes down the stiff limbs,
hinges for joints, and a huge red flywheel at the heart.
In him the body is at last comprehensible.
It does its work, comes readily to hand, and responds to command
with an admirable mechanistic directness.
I think of him as first cousin to The Visible Man,
another relic from the age of transparent polystyrene
who is somehow more disturbing—all those curdled intestines,
chickeny sinews, the slop in the brain pan.
Mr. Machine will have none of this. Angular and clean,
he stands for the dream of limits, perfect
efficiency. The control we have always desired.

Yet this is a nightmare too, as in the ominous
robotic hordes marching down the ramp of the spaceship
or Joey the Mechanical Boy with his hallucinatory matrix
of tubes and wires, his hidden current source
and parodic compulsive jerks. Is it
the final self-control to imagine control by others?
And when the machines do take over (and they will—
remember Jim after the brain tumor, his shaved head
patched with electrodes, the one good eye dulled, transfixed
by the screen), we are put back in a kind of womb:
the placenta of IV's and probes, the fluids and
currents brought in and out, all for our own renewal
as we float, a perfect impassive god in the room
in the wing in the larger living tissue of the hospital.

To go inside a machine—not like the cartoon
where the famous talking duck gets caught in the clockworks,
whirling among the figurines, paddled, hammered
in absurd repetition, but the slower cycle
of a commuter. Dan on his weekday morning drive
from Oakland to San Leandro. The machine
incorporates him, in a bubble, in a stream of them
down the freeway. In the semi-transparent cell of the car,
poised behind its throbbing heart, he has at his fingers
control of the sensations of heat and cold, of movement,
sound—a wreath of Vivaldi conjured from the air—
and he is held there as time passes and the other bubbles
follow their daily paths across his windshield
or, one day, in a disaster I never want
to imagine, converge—and the glass, steel and plastic
are forced inside the man inside the car.

Doctors, if they can, will pick out the pieces
while others, in another wing of the hospital,

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labor to do the opposite: to fit a machine
inside a man, a new mainspring for the clock of the heart.
It's comforting to see ourselves this way:
the steady beat of the old ticker (aided, if necessary,
by a mylar implant), our decorous grandfather clocks,
our watches where we imagine a face and hands.
The accuracy of these machines consoles—
hence the search for ever more exact
measurements, more regular strokes, cleaner slices
of the obviously dwindling pie till we have moved
from sunlight, sand and water to weights and springs,
the oscillation of a crystal, and at last
atomic decay: relentless decline of the universe
in the precisely calculable losses of its tiniest parts
taken now as a standard for our own running to ground.

There is a place in North Dakota, far underground,
where a twenty-year-old graduate of a military training program
sits on a padded swivel chair in front of a console
intricate and garish as the "Christmas Tree" of a sub, waiting
for a call which he will uncode, check, and answer
with a series of flipped switches. Buried there,
he is in control. When the missiles are launched
and later when the others score direct hits on the launch site,
we expect him to feel nothing but a dull shudder.
The machines will conduct their unimaginable business
on land, obliterating roads, hospitals, power plants,
the very factories where they were made, while a few men—
our boyish lieutenant, others in subs, the President
soaring in his fabulous getaway plane—
carry out arcane rituals of analysis
and command. This is the vision of invulnerable
continuity: the unhindered clockworks,
Joey needing to be plugged in every day, Dan in his car
on the same old road to his boss and comforting desk.

Though no one actually likes going to work
each morning at a brokerage firm or a typing pool
or an insecticide factory, after we get there
we quickly find our place inside the circuit
of predictable motions and varied impersonal equipment.
Even the task of fitting a pig's intestine
over the sausage dispenser and sealing the stuffed casing
three times each minute must soothe in its routine
like the insistent ground beat of a primitive mourning chant.
Still it persists, this dream of a life freed from the timeclock,
the machines themselves, benign and miraculously
self-sustaining, lifting us from their service
to some higher realm. What is it? A pastoral fantasy?
Mere regression? Some half-submerged yearning
for the lost grand leisure of the bourgeoisie?
In *The Time Machine*, a heavy-handed fable
from the autumn of British imperialism,
the grimy engines of labor deep in the underworld
boom a rhythmic warning to the bored
and child-like creatures of the surface, who have become
so exquisitely refined they can no longer tell what it means.

Who's in charge here? It's not the fear of chaos
that disturbs us now—the railroad scattering Walden Pond
or London, revolts of our subterranean proles—
but the perfected operation of a system
that has grown, organically it seems, far beyond
our grasp. The black box. The reduction of a bank
to a blank column cranking out bills, the correspondent
expansion and interconnection of the credit card, insurance card,
plasticized driver's license where the traffic cop
finds all we have ever done. We are hauled off,
swept away. Streaming down the freeways
to the identical stores of the malls, the shoppers move
like fluid in tubes, current through the wires, while somewhere else,
in the intricate and busy world of the hospital,
among the vast hidden files, whirring and clicking, the paranoid
poises like a spider at the center of his web.

Refulgent, endlessly exploratory, wiring and reconnecting
its replicating circuits, the brain generates
a tissue of thought. It is a plant, a power grid.
Or a camera obscura, and what it delivers from light
is laced with the maze-like filigree of hypotheses.
When my son sees a new machine and asks,
What makes it run? How does it work? the questions themselves—
and our attempts at answers, phone calls, trips to the library
to look in the encyclopedia—fill in the manifold
sustaining texture. Order is ubiquitous
and flourishing. Truths flash and vanish in the multiplying
tributaries, the sprouting ganglial nodes.
This is growth, the linking together of an ever finer mesh
to catch particulars of the fluid world. This is also
the obsessive crosshatching that finally blots it all out.

Think of snapshots, the resolute calm of their surfaces:
a man rising in the elevator on his first day back at work,
an interchange at rush hour, the collapse of a house
or a coal mine, a rocket exploding in air.
We can imagine these scenes—and we imagine far worse,
tugging out stasis, moments of escape from the *perpetuum mobile*
of the mind. The engine of thought itself
as a kind of fountain: one great turning wheel
continuously dipping buckets where the water poured
drives its own pouring. When I picture it,
it is not the inevitably slowing clockworks of the whole
that stands out, but the single repeated units:
a basin empty, just filled or filling, a stream
just at the point of entering the pool.
Things that go. If these generated moments
seem pure, willed, pulled out of time
and thus receptive at last to control,
even they are processed, even they
are fretted and scored. Lifted to light, they gleam
with the variegated luster of everything we've made.

DON BOGEN

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verdict of the lucky on the unlucky." Strangely enough, it's a line that might be spoken by *Nice Work*'s Vic Wilcox. Robyn complains, "That's the trouble with capitalism, isn't it? It's the trouble with life." Then he adds, "We'd better get some lunch." That's no idle remark; Vic is much taken with the American saying "There's no such thing as a free lunch," and eventually teaches even Robyn Penrose to look more critically at the universities she takes for granted, and to ask, "Who pays?"

For my money, the best of Lodge's early books is *The British Museum Is Falling Down*, which concerns a Lodge theme only slightly less obsessive than finance: the frustrations of Catholic married couples in the days when most of them took the Church's prohibition of birth control seriously. Not an ideal subject for a comic novel, one would think; but the anxiety of cash-strapped academic Adam Appleby and his wife, Barbara, when the Rhythm (or, laughably, "Safe") Method seems to have failed, and they face the horrific prospect of a fourth child, is giddily entertaining.

Somehow, somewhere, in this slim and apparently seamless volume, Lodge also manages to insert no fewer than ten parodies of major 20th-century novelists. For *The British Museum Is Falling Down* is also, in the best Lodge vein, literature about literature and about life and literature imitating each other. ("Literature is mostly about having sex and not much about having children. Life is the other way round," Adam observes.) Of all the brilliant parodies in this book, the sharpest is the revision of Molly Bloom's long, final, libidinous sentence in *Ulysses*, now spoken by sensible Barbara. I won't spoil it for you by quoting it, only hint that Molly's concluding "yes" has become Barbara's "perhaps."

A later novel on the subject of Catholic sexual guilt and forbidden birth control, *How Far Can You Go?*, is also funny, if bleaker, as we trace the decline of a group of friends from lusty but high-principled youth to a compromising, thick-waisted middle age. Alas, the novel suffers somewhat from its own failure to control the population; it has ten main characters. Always exquisitely self-conscious, Lodge early disarms the skeptical reader: "Ten characters is a lot to take in at once, and soon there will be more, because we are going to follow their fortunes . . . and obviously they are not going to pair off with each other, that would be too neat, too implausible, so there will be other characters not yet invented, husbands and wives and lovers, not to mention children, so it is important to get these ten straight right now."

As usual, we have to laugh, but eventually we have to admire, too; for Lodge is pushing the device of the novelist as stage manager to its breaking point in order to comment on the dampening effect on either sex or authorship when it's too worried about limits. As he reasons many pages later, "The permutations of sex are as finite as those of narrative. You can (a) do one thing with one partner or (b) do n things with one partner or (c) do one thing with n partners. For practicing Catholics faithful to the marriage bond, there was only the possibility of progressing from (a) to (b) in search of a richer sex life."

Robyn Penrose has another angle on the limitations of fiction. "All the Victorian novelist could offer as a solution to the problems of industrial capitalism," she lectures, "were: a legacy, a marriage, emigration, or death." But what if a novelist decided to offer all these solutions, in a series of potential endings? The problems of industrial capitalism, if never solved, would at least be fun to address. If the permutations of narrative by the highly amusing, highbrow but earthy author David Lodge are finite, I'm happy to report that I haven't begun to exhaust them.

MARY JO SALTER has been awarded the 1989 Witter Bynner Poetry Prize of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

Correlation of Farces

BY IRVING HOWE

Say Cheese!
by Vassily Aksyonov
translated from the Russian by Antonina W. Bouis

(Random House, 404 pp., $19.95)

There's a lot of pleasure to be had from the first half of this novel, a satiric farce about the life of culture in Brezhnev's Russia. Vassily Aksyonov, an émigré Russian now living in the United States, writes with the happy abandon of a true farceur. He commands a taste for the ridiculous, cares little for cautions of verisimilitude, and has a ready supply of puns, jokes, and saucy footnotes. His episodic narrative might almost be taken for a picaresque tale, were its hero not deprived of the picaro's traditional freedom to roam and to poke about.

Say Cheese! draws upon Aksyonov's own experiences. In 1979 he was a central figure within a group of "intellectual gangsters," that is, serious Russian writers who wanted to issue *Metropol*, the first uncensored anthology of Soviet literature. The results proved to be most unpleasant, Aksyonov resigning from the Writers Union because it expelled two of his colleagues and a year later emigrating from the Soviet Union. In *Say Cheese!*, Russian writers are neatly transformed into Russian photographers, but the cultural bureaucrats harassing them in the name of the Party and History remain pretty much the same. The basic situation is ambiguous, one of neither total unfreedom or total freedom.

They are a lively bunch, these photographers. They carouse, achieve enviable results with women, snap fine pictures; but some nub of memory or imagination troubles them. They aspire, as they would put it, to the manliness that is a sign of creative independence. So they plan a picture album that won't be submitted to the censors: a seemingly innocent, even innocuous venture, but it sets off a flurry of intrigues and countermoves among the cultural overseers.

The struggle that breaks out between the "New Wave" photographers and "the glands" (a nickname for "the organs" of State Security) is a curious mixture of the ominous and the farcical. Ominous, because the non-terrorist repressions of the Brezhnev regime are brutal enough. Farcical, because neither side, bureaucrats or artists, is prepared for a complete showdown. The situation has a certain resemblance to those silent-film comedies in which a multitude of violent motions settles into calm—yet with the crucial difference that "the glands" are still there, very real, very powerful.

Aksyonov's depiction of his photographers contains a motif of male bonding, rather innocent despite the virtuoso sex. They are quite serious artists, but also behave like rambunctious adolescents—and somehow Aksyonov makes it all very appealing. Allergic to political cant, the

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photographers are intuitively anarchist in spirit and style—which seems exactly right for farce, since in its disdain for official proprieties and big questions, farce is a genre with affinities to anarchism. It's also a spirit—anarchism—appropriate for the sclerotic Brezhnev regime.

Leading the New Wave is Max Ogordnikov, who combines genius with irreverence, and who is also a veteran skirt-chaser now into his seventh marriage. (During a visit to New York, Ogo rises, after an initial Stendhalian embarrassment with his publisher's secretary, to seven powerful orgasms in rapid succession. Talk of lucky numbers!) Ogo despises the cultural bureaucrats not so much because he is committed heart and soul to democracy, but because they evoke in him an irritable boredom: it's tiresome to have to submit your work to a dimwit like Fotii Feklovich, "First Secretary" of photography, a character who last inhabited Gogol's "The Inspector General."

"I'm tired," explains Ogo, "of only playing their games, I'd like to play just once to my own taste, as if they didn't exist, after all it's not against them, just without them . . . " This strikes me as one of Aksyonov's cleverest strokes: to show how *boredom* with bureaucracy can lead to artistic defiance.

The resourceful Ogo manages, by tricking his bosses, to have an unsanctioned trip to Germany and the United States, with an eye toward getting the New Wave album published. In Germany he has a very funny encounter with an enraged ultraleftist bedecked in rags, who turns out to be (of course) the son-in-law of a billionaire. In New York, Ogo meets Alex Konsky, the émigré photographer who now "dictates [cultural] fashion." Reports another émigré: "In New York it's hard to work seriously in Russian art unless you kiss Alex Konsky's ass. . . . He's started this snob idea that Russian photography requires translation into Western language." This "unbribable genius of pure form" has become a virtuoso in the American art of making it, and it figures that he will stick out his foot to trip up Ogo's project.

But about halfway, alas, *Say Cheese!* succumbs to seriousness. There's a sound logic behind this: Aksyonov is being faithful to the social reality that constitutes his setting; and by the last third of the book, the conflict between New Wave and "glands" has turned quite deadly. While plausible as rendered history, the literary result is unfortunate. It's a case of historical conscience triumphing over a gift of farce; of reality over art.

Farce, as the masters of silent film understood, is a short-breathed form. It is a kick in the pants, a slide on the banana peel, and then do it again. And again. In farce, development yields to repetition, or more accurately, repetition *is* development—but it can't go on for 404 pages. Had Aksyonov cut his book by a third, mostly in the last third, he'd have had a marvelous piece of work. As it is, much of it offers acute pleasure.

I suspect, but of course I cannot prove, that there is another reason for the novel's decline into seriousness. With rare exceptions like the early Waugh and the early Amis, writers of farce seem to feel uneasy at the thought of staying with the mode they have begun with, as if it's a violation of man and nature. They want also to show that they are serious and thoughtful people, able to don the double-breasted suits of respectability. It never works.

IRVING HOWE is working on a book about the novel titled *Selected Short Subjects* .

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

public opinion than are politicians. Rights "granted" by a "historical aberration," the Warren Court, are being repealed by the Rehnquist Court, a creation of rank political determination no more historically justified than its predecessor.

If the state does have a legitimate interest in protecting the "life" of the fetus, at least at "point of viability," let it remove from a woman whatever tissue it decides to hold socially sacred and assume the responsibility for further nurturing. But don't force women to bring into this troubled vale offspring they neither desire nor feel competent to care for.

TRACEY ANN MARTIN
Farmington Hills, Michigan

'Juno' On Broadway

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann is wrong about Marc Blitzstein's musical *Juno*, based on Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, closing in Boston ("Man of Music," August 7 & 14). I saw *Juno* on its second night on Broadway. It starred Melvyn Douglas and Shirley Booth. The most thrilling scene was the opening one in which the Denizens of Dublin gathered, beaten and low though they were, and sang: "We're Alive." There is an original cast recording that captures some of the spirit and loveliness of the songs.

ROBERT E. COHEN
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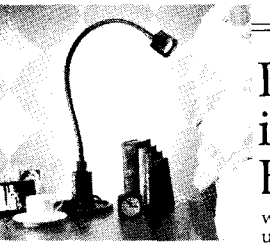

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Outside the Beltway

I DON'T LIVE IN THE WASHINGTON where Dan Quayle works. I live in the Washington where the Rolling Stones spent the summer. It's in Connecticut, about a hundred miles north of New York. The Stones needed a place to practice for their tour, so they paid about $300,000 to rent three houses here, a closed inn, and a defunct girls' boarding school. The closed inn, where the technicians and the security guards stayed, is just down the road from my house. A few days before the band arrived, a delivery truck from a linen service pulled into my driveway. The driver said he was looking for the inn. Inside the truck were crisply folded sheets and pillow cases that pretty soon would be slept on by guys working for the Stones. To the driver of the truck, though, it was just another delivery. "I don't care whether this linen order is for the president of the United States or for Joe Blow," his demeanor and expression seemed to say. "I'm going to deliver it (eventually) just the same." Admiring his professionalism, I gave him accurate directions to the inn.

SHORTLY BEFORE THE ROLLING Stones arrived, the local newspaper fretted that their presence might create a "circus," and that Washington was now in danger of being overrun by "groupies, paparazzi, television crews, and the just plain curious—all causing more traffic and who knows what other kinds of headaches." The following week someone wrote a letter to the editor defending the Stones and referring to them as "these middle-aged professionals." As it turned out, there wasn't much of a circus. Mick Jagger did spend $1,000 on wine at the liquor store, but he didn't drink it all himself. It was for his 46th birthday party. (The five Rolling Stones together have been alive for longer than the United States has been a country. Yikes!)

ANOTHER RECENT LETTER TO the editor said, "People in this town . . . don't have to worry about the town being ruined by the Rolling Stones or their fans. It's already been ruined by the bombastic, rude, pushy people who have moved up here from New York and New Jersey and think they're the greatest. They can all go back where they came from." These bombastic New Yorkers and New Jerseyans are also known locally as weekenders. Washington is picturesque and just a couple of hours' drive from Manhattan, which makes it an attractive retreat for lawyers and investment bankers. Saying bad things about these people is a local pastime. One of the most talked-about weekenders at the moment is a sociology professor from New York City who is spending her weekends doing a sociological study of the relationship between weekenders and weekrounders (as no one calls them). A number of people I know have been interviewed in connection with this study. I haven't been, but I wish I would be, because I'm one of the few people I know who like weekenders. As local industries go, weekenders are quite benign. They don't dump hazardous chemicals into the river. Five-sevenths of their toilet flushes are made somewhere other than here. They pay property taxes but don't send their bombastic, rude, pushy children to our schools. And they spend a lot of money entertaining their weekend guests and fixing up their houses. People complain about how crowded the grocery store is on Saturdays and Sundays, but if the weekenders were replaced by people who lived here on weekdays, too, the grocery store would be crowded all the time.

ONE PERSON WHO WAS NOT IMpressed by the proximity of the Rolling Stones this summer was my five-year-old daughter, whose taste runs more in the direction of Raffi. She refers to the music on MTV as "grown-up music." When she hears grown-up music playing on the car radio she asks that the car radio be turned off. Last week she said she would like to have a Rolling Stones tape. She said it in the same way that I once said I would like to see what her Barbie shoes would look like if they were all lined up. That is, she didn't mean it. Another thing about my daughter: she isn't worried about quicksand. In fact, I don't think most kids today are worried about quicksand. I used to worry about it a lot, and so did everyone else, I'm pretty sure. The basis of this anxiety was probably Tarzan movies. Nowadays it's possible to meet children who don't even know what quicksand is, much less how to get out of it. They also don't seem to be bothered by scorpions, in my opinion.

ONE OF MY FANTASIES THIS SUMmer was that I would run into one of the Stones while taking a walk and that we would fall into an easy, natural discussion of our children (no doubt bemoaning their curious ignorance of the dangers of quicksand). And then I would say, "Hey, I'd be happy to keep an eye on your kids this afternoon, if that would be a help," and Keith Richards or whoever it was would say, "Great! How would you like to come hear us practice?" The Rolling Stone I would have been most likely to run into was Ron Wood. The house he rented is a quarter-mile up the road and around a corner from us. It's a slightly scary-looking place that has been on the market for more than a year. One day last year I pretended to be a potential buyer, because I wanted to see what it was like inside. (It's big, and a couple of the bedrooms have groovy '60s-style shag carpeting). I never saw Wood himself, but on several occasions I did see his car, a gold-plated Ferrari Testarossa. Well, actually, Wood's car was a Ford station wagon. But it was one of those new streamlined ones.

THE HOUSE MICK JAGGER RENTED is farther away. I once went to a Christmas party there and (appropriately, I guess, in retrospect) had a little bit too much to drink. I've never been in the house Keith Richards rented, although I've driven past it. Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman stayed at a Ramada Inn about half an hour away. At first I worried that these two old-looking guys were staying at a motel because they had squandered their rock 'n' roll riches and could no longer afford to rent big houses. But it turns out that after 25 years on the road they have simply become addicted to room service and cable TV.

THE DEFUNCT GIRLS' BOARDING school where the Stones did their practicing became defunct last year. My wife's step-grandmother went there 70 years ago. In recent years the school's increasingly tiny student body had included an increasingly large percentage of girls from distant foreign countries. What prompted these girls' parents to ship them off to a dinky, soon-to-be-defunct school in a tiny town halfway around the world? Now, I guess, we'll never know. The room at the school where the Stones did their practicing used to be used for dance classes. To keep down the noise, they rented 64 rolls of fiberglass insulation from the local hardware store and had them stacked up along the wall facing the road. When the Stones left, the rolls of insulation went back to the hardware store, where they are now for sale. Would you pay extra to wrap your house in insulation that had spent six weeks absorbing the music of the Rolling Stones? I would. I would pay 25 percent extra. Curiously, though, the rolls of insulation are being sold for just their normal price.

DAVID OWEN

David Owen writes for the *Atlantic*.

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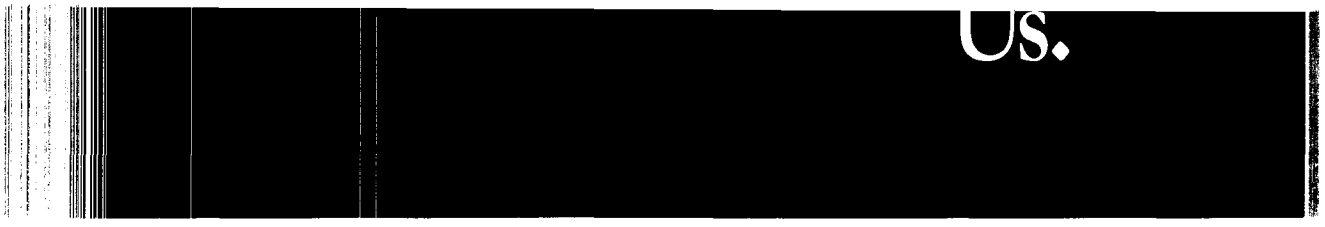

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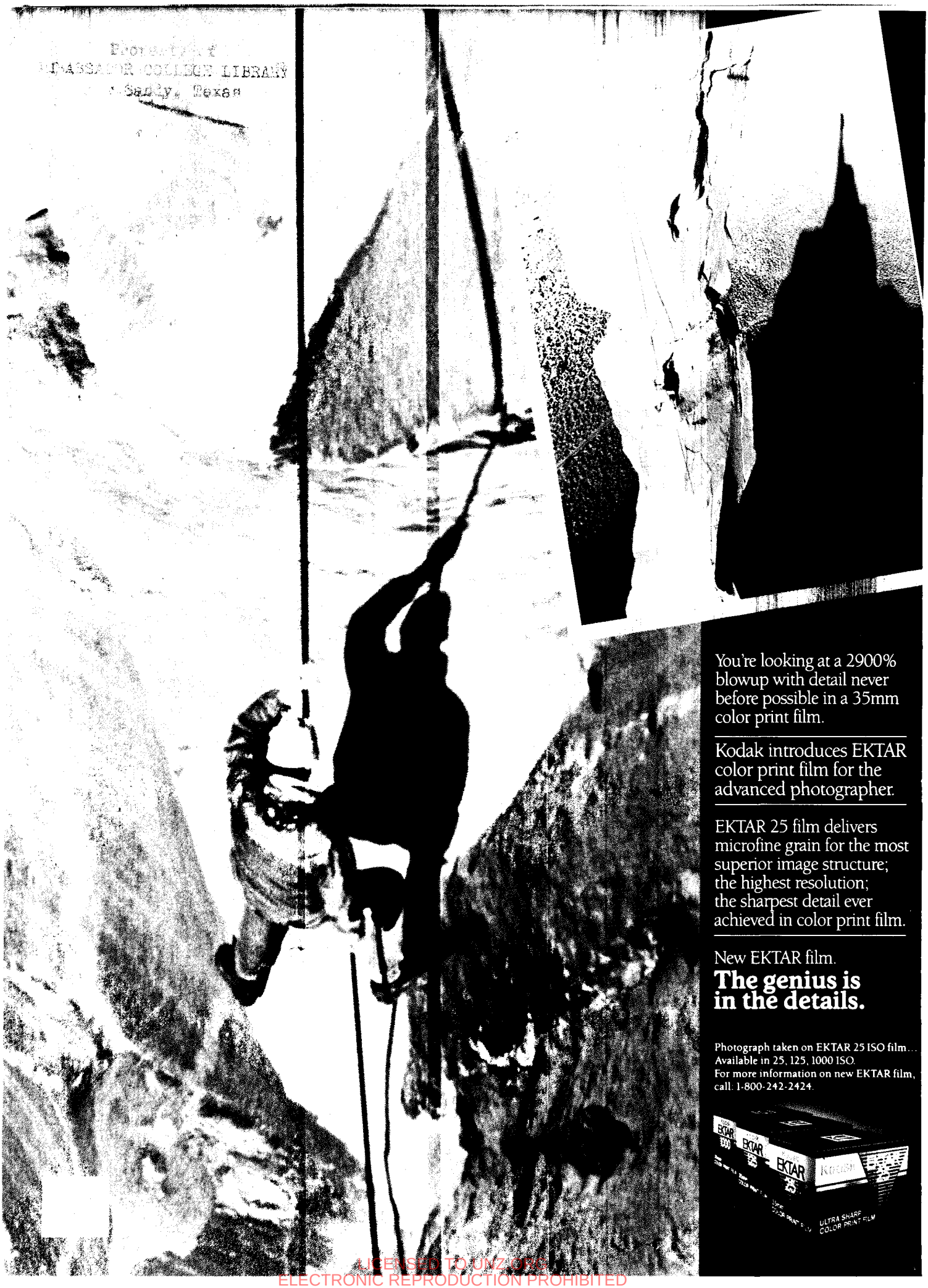

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